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# NEW STATESMAN

Sideshow Part 2

A DRUNKEN WOMEN IS A TERRIBLE SIGHT ... WELL ... OK, I'LL JUST HAVE THE CHASER...
...NO THANKS... PROMISED THE WIFE... SHOULDN'T REALLY... JUST AN ORANGE JUICE...WITH THE TEENIEST DROP OF VODKA....CHEERS!
...I'LL SQUEEZE ONE IN SQUIRE....
NOTHING LIKE THAT FIRST MOUTHFUL AFTER A HARD DAY.... BY THE WAY... MET REGGIE WHATSISNAME IN THE WHEATSHEAF... LUNCHTIME ...ASKED AFTER YOU... COULDN'T GET AWAY TILL THEY THREW US OUT...
I ONLY BOTHER SOCIALLY
BUT CAN HE DRINK! OUTLIVE US ALL... THE OLD BUGGER
I SAW A CHAP THE OTHER DAY.... OBVIOUSLY WET HIMSELF.... GRIM SIGHT... A GROWN MAN.... TRAGIC.... NO SELF-CONTROL.... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... OH, THANKS.... JUST TIME FOR A SMALL ONE....
...I'LL MAKE THIS MY NIGHTCAP...
...ER JUST A TEENY ONE .... I'VE GOT TO TEACH IN THE MORNING.....
MY DOCTOR SAID... THE ODD ONE DOES YOU GOOD... THINK YOU'RE A TOFF...
I DROVE IN TODAY... MUSTN'T... THOUGH IF YOU'RE TWISTING MY ARM....
JUST THE ODD ONE ...RELAXES ME GETS ME UP FOR THE EVENING...
TRY THIS ON YOUR GREEN ALSATIAN NORA....
I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE... MAKE IT A DOUBLE, NORMAN...
STEADMAN
VAT 69

...sador College
AUG 23 1979

## A nation of secret drinkers

## Chile: embracing the butchers/ Plots against women

## Terence Ranger: Rhodesia—The Propaganda War

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## Viva Sandine!

GENERAL SOMOZA is as powerful in relation to the United States as the Dame of Sark is to the United Kingdom. If he had tried to nationalise American holdings in Nicaragua, he would have been overthrown by Washington inside a week. But since he is a fascist dictator, and since nobody can be sure that the Sandinista Liberation Front will respect the sacred prerogatives of the rich, General Somoza has to endure no more than a few mild suggestions that he might step aside and make way for 'national reconciliation'. In the meantime, he is free to order the aerial bombardment of his own capital city in an attempt to stay in power.

Those who worry so endlessly about the alleged softness of American power these days, and who think that America's standing in the world was actually reduced by finally abandoning the Shah, are prone to forget that a whole string of hard-line dictatorships is armed and financed by North American power right across the South American continent. True, since President Carter promulgated his 'human rights' crusade there have been some shifts away from the more blatant and sadistic kinds of junta. But the essence of the relationship has persisted, and many of the better human rights attachés in the State Department have quit as a result.

In any case, it would take far more than cosmetic change to alter the reality of the Somoza dynasty, whose crimes and thefts are exorbitant even by the standards of the region. Faced with a clear choice between the old oligarchy and a genuine popular revolution, Carter and Vance are silent, and even Andrew Young seems to have lost his tongue. It is this kind of dishonesty, and not the marginal shifts of SALT or Camp David, which is the true measure of Carter's discredit.

It would be too much to hope that a British government might take some kind of a stand here. The Labour government did absolutely nothing which could embarrass the American administration, and a Tory government which is so determined to reconcile us with General Pinochet (see P.901) is unlikely to be moved by the spectacle of Managua in flames. But there are British responsibilities in the area, and British interests too (which surface in the press when some poor banker is kidnapped in El Salvador). For a start, we are committed to uphold the independence of Belize and its people against aggression from Somoza's allies in the Guatemalan military. Labour in office showed some sign of wishing to dilute this pledge. The Tories are likely to be even less scrupulous.

## Polishing up the abortion myths

THE ANTI-ABORTION circus is back on the road. John Corrie, Conservative MP for Ayr North, aims to introduce a Bill to restrict the 1967 Act. The precise terms aren't known yet, but it will certainly seek to reduce the time limit which currently allows abortions up to the twenty-eigth week of pregnancy. A major weapon in Corrie's armoury will be the recent spate of stories about 'live' foetuses. Myth mongering is a familiar feature of anti-abortion campaigns and the mongers have been hard at work again.

It is no coincidence that the stories appeared during the run-up to the general election: a new parliament with a Tory majority would clearly give the anti-abortion lobby a stronger hand than ever before. The *Sunday People* produced the first grisly tale – about an aborted foetus 'crying out' in Wanstead hospital – on 25 March. The incident had actually taken place many months earlier, but it appeared in the paper only three days before the widely expected fall of the Labour government and *after* the date had been fixed for that crucial debate.

It is true that human foetuses can – in exceptional circumstances – survive outside the womb before the twenty-eighth week of pregnancy. But as the press lingered delightedly on that theme, some useful myths were being polished up for the coming campaign: first, that abortions after the twentieth week are a common occurrence; second, that most late abortions are due to women changing their minds; third, that late abortions can best be prevented by making them illegal.

Abortions after the fifth month are rare. Every woman who needs to terminate an unwanted pregnancy would wish to do so at the earliest possible opportunity. More than 90 per cent would have the operation within 12 weeks *if facilities were available*. In most cases, delay is caused by the failure of the National Health Service to meet their needs. The Thatcher cuts in public spending will only exacerbate the problem – although, in fact, if the NHS were committed to giving women the service they needed, it could provide it more safely and efficiently, in the form of outpatient facilities for early abortion, *and* save money in the long term. A small number of abortions take place late in pregnancy because foetal abnormalities have been revealed by tests which can only be carried out in the fourth or fifth month; and there are still some cases where fear or ignorance has prevented women from seeking abortions earlier.

Legislation has never stopped women from getting abortions when they needed them; all it can do in the future is make the procedure easier and safer, or more difficult and more dangerous. Those who want to reduce the number of late abortions should therefore devote their energies to improving the National Health Service.

# NOTES

## Labour shuns the Eurocommunists

*Patrick Wintour writes*: The Labour Party's International Committee last week delivered a peculiarly ignorant snub to the Eurocommunist parties of Western Europe. Officials in the International Department at Transport House had recommended that all Western communist parties, with the exception of the French, should automatically be invited to the next Labour Party conference; the French socialist party was to be consulted first before any invitation was extended to the PCF. The International Committee rejected this advice, deciding that no Eurocommunist parties should be invited without the permission of the relevant socialist party. It is quite likely that some socialist leaders, such as Bettino Craxi of the increasingly right-wing Italian Socialist Party, will veto communist attendance.

The absurdity of the committee's position was revealed in its full light when, at the same meeting Dame Judith Hart went on to propose that the communist parties of Bulgaria and East Germany should be invited to the party conference. There was virtually no opposition to this proposal; Eric Heffer, the greatest opponent of Eastern European oppression, was absent. Dame Judith did not recommend that the respective East European socialist parties should be asked for their views.

Transport House officials, who have been trying to rationalise the Labour Party's relations with Eastern Europe for some time, felt that if the Czechs and the Russians were to be banned for being too oppressive then the Bulgarians and East Germans should be excluded as well. Dame Judith would have none of this. She claimed that it would be a break from tradition if the Bulgarians and East Germans were not invited.

Ironically, on the day the committee was meeting to extend its fraternal greetings to the East Germans it was left to the *Morning Star* to express 'concern' at the expulsion of Stefan Heym from the GDR's Writers' Union. The GDR is involved in a repressive binge against opposition at the moment, so it is a particularly bizarre time for the Labour Party to be playing cold war games with Eurocommunists rather than the hard-line Muscovite article.

## Will Nottingham become another Grunwick?

*Tim Gopsill writes:* Each side in the Nottingham newspaper dispute (see last week's NS) is stepping up its activities for a Grunwick-style confrontation. Last Saturday's mass picket attracted more than 1,000 members of the NUJ, NGA, SLADE and other unions on one side of Nottingham's Forman Street; on the other side, around 300 police used well-rehearsed crowd-control techniques to let through four vanloads of scab Saturday evening papers.

Only six pickets were arrested – although they included NUJ and NGA national officials – and the police seemed more interested in trying out a new technique that can only be called 'the shuffle', which consists of a tightly-packed sausage of embarrassed PCs advancing very slowly, their steps constricted by the formation, shouting 'one, two, one, two . . .'

Also present was NGA president Les Dixon, who stayed till 9 pm to collect his arrested members from the local nick, and left vowing to bring out a big nationwide NGA contingent for the next mass picket, on 1 September. The NGA has been in dispute with T. Bailey Foreman, publishers of the *Nottingham Evening Post*, since 1973; and this increasing cooperation with the NUJ (also evident at *The Times*) is the best portent for workers in the print for years.

Meanwhile, the sacked Nottingham journalists are trying out a new tactic of their own next Sunday: they are staging a vigil outside Southwell Minster, where *Evening Post* proprietor Christopher Pole-Carew, in his newly-assumed role as Sheriff of Nottingham, decked out in black socks, short trousers and funny hat, will be participating in a mediaeval ceremony. The journalists will also continue to produce their own paper, the weekly *Not-*



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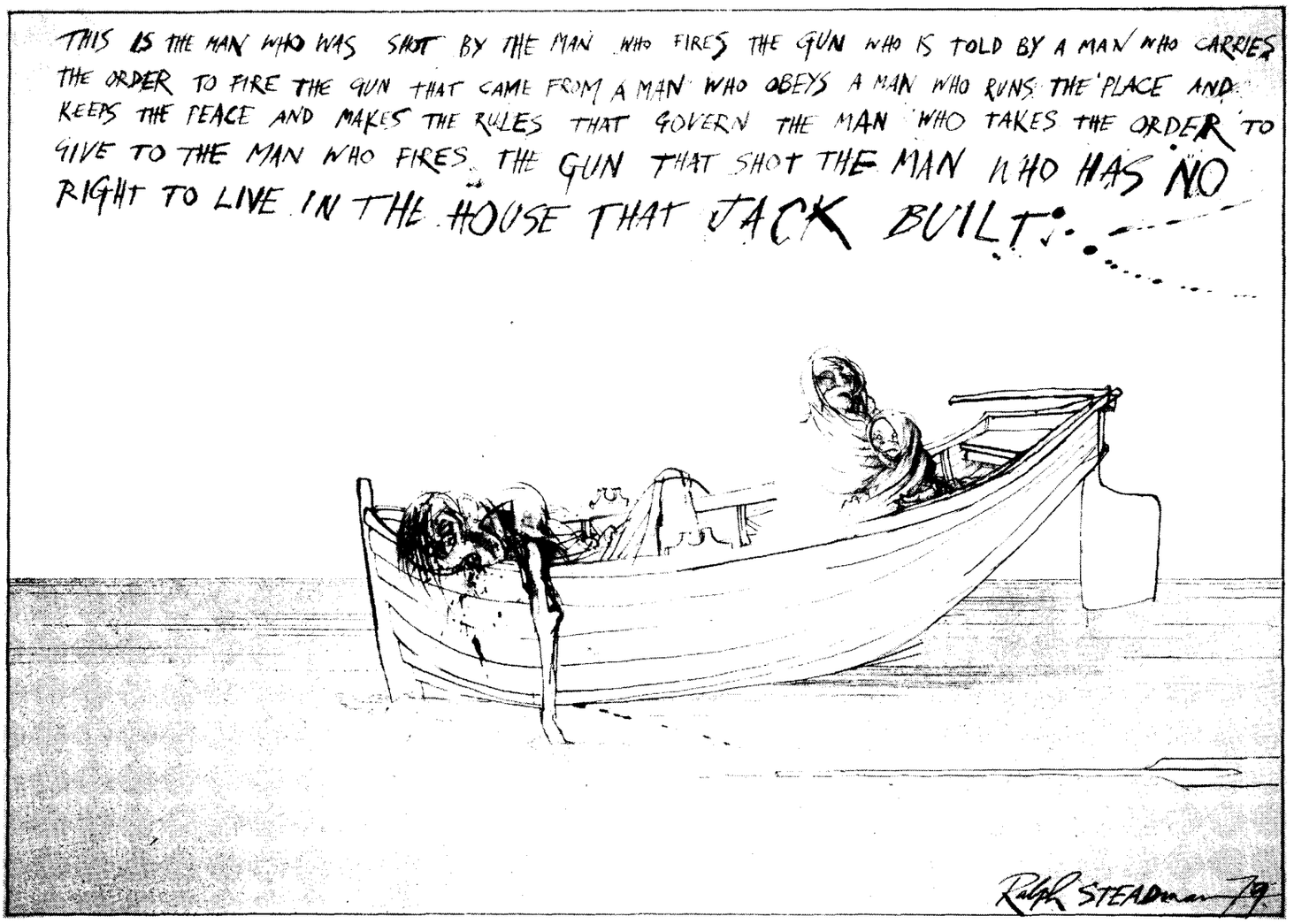
THIS IS THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT BY THE MAN WHO FIRES THE GUN WHO IS TOLD BY A MAN WHO CARRIES THE ORDER TO FIRE THE GUN THAT CAME FROM A MAN WHO OBEYS A MAN WHO RUNS THE PLACE AND KEEPS THE PEACE AND MAKES THE RULES THAT GOVERN THE MAN WHO TAKES THE ORDER TO GIVE TO THE MAN WHO FIRES THE GUN THAT SHOT THE MAN WHO HAS NO RIGHT TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
Ralph STEADMAN 79

# NOTES

*tingham News;* next Friday's meeting of the NUJ executive will be considering the results of a study into the feasibility of funding the *News* co-op on a sound commercial basis.

## A woman's place is in the House – or is it?

*Eveline Hunter writes*: Of the 410 newly elected European MPs, only 67 are women – that's 16.3 per cent. The UK's own record is unimpressive, half way down the table:

| *Country* | *Women MPs* | *% of total* |
|---|---|---|
| Denmark | 4 | 25 |
| Netherlands | 6 | 24 |
| France | 17 | 20.9 |
| Luxembourg | 1 | 16.7 |
| Germany | 12 | 14.8 |
| UK | 11 | 13.6 |
| Ireland | 2 | 13.3 |
| Belgium | 3 | 12.5 |
| Italy | 10 | 12.3 |

Women fare worse still in the individual parliaments of the member states:

| *Country* | *Women MPs* | *% of total* | *Ministers* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Netherlands | 31 | 13.8 | 1 |
| Belgium | 35 | 10.2 | 3 |
| Germany | 39 | 8.1 | 1 |
| Denmark | 29 | 6.1 | 2 |
| Luxembourg | 3 | 5.1 | 0 |
| Ireland | 6 | 4.1 | 1 |
| France | 18 | 3.7 | 4 |
| UK | 18 | 2.8 | 2 |
| Italy | 10 | 1.6 | 2 |

Outdone by all except Italy, the UK can hardly boast about having the only female head of state in Europe. Margaret Thatcher did not appoint a single woman to join her in the Cabinet – although she did send Sally Oppenheim to the Department of Trade. In other EEC countries, almost all female Ministers hold responsibility for traditionally 'female' areas – such as Health, Family, Women's Affairs, Cultural Affairs, Recreation, Social Work, Youth and Education. Ireland is an exception, with a female Minister in the Department of Industry, Commerce and Energy, but she is not in the Irish Cabinet.

British political parties seem reluctant to field women candidates except for seats they are likely to loose. Women represented 11.8 per cent of the total number of candidates in the UK election on 3 May and 11 per cent of the candidates on 7 June. The latter figure compares poorly with the European average of 18.7 per cent.

Socialist parties seem no keener to encourage their women than parties of the right or centre. The Labour Party has only 10 female MPs (3.7 per cent) in the UK parliament, compared with the Conservatives' eight (2.4 per cent). In the EEC election, 14.8 per cent of the candidates of socialist parties, were women, compared with 13.2 per cent of the Conservatives and Christian Democrats, and 12.5 per cent of the Liberals and Democrats. By contrast, 23 per cent of the Communist candidates for Europe were women.

According to a recent EEC survey*, both men and women feel they would have more confidence in a male member of the European Parliament. Of the women questioned, only 16 per cent said they would prefer a female MP; paradoxically, 35 per cent of women (compared with 19 per cent of men) thought their own national parliament would function more effectively with more female MPs.

**Men and Women in Europe*, 1978.

## Mrs Gandhi's exit?

*K R Sundar Rajan writes from New Delhi*: Mrs Indira Gandhi has run into serious difficulties in getting her passport renewed for a planned October tour of Europe and the United States. The government of Prime Minister Morarji Desai and the ruling Janata Party are not in favour of permitting her to undertake another Western trip. They recall how she used her visit to Britain last November to mount a virulent campaign against the Desai administration and to paint her own Emergency Rule period a glorious colour.

One argument against giving Mrs Gandhi the freedom to travel is that she will have to face trial for 'Emergency Rule' excesses. Another is her alleged violation of foreign exchange regulations by accepting undeclared gifts amounting to £10,000 from the Indian Overseas Congress during her last British trip. However, no formal charges of foreign exchange violations have as yet been levelled against her.

The Janata Government seems to be unsurprisingly concerned that if Mrs Gandhi goes abroad again, she may win prestige and sympathy. The Prime Minister of Mauritius has already appealed to several world leaders asking them to help save Mrs Gandhi from harassment by the Desai administration. Though this has angered Mr Desai, if she is prevented from visiting Europe and the United States, his Government will seem unduly petty.

## Please adjust your set

*Denis MacShane writes*: The BBC has been taken to task for its inadequate coverage of regional affairs in London and the south east. A report from the South East Region of the TUC (SERTUC) points out that there are eight BBC television stations for the English regions, each producing a nightly current affairs magazine about local issues, and asks why the 17 million viewers in and around the capital should be treated differently.

Outside London, the first half of *Nationwide*, the



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early evening magazine show is devoted to regional matters. But a survey of 66 items transmitted in the 'London' edition of *Nationwide* showed that two-thirds were merely of national or general interest. As the report says: 'Take one day — Wednesday, 30 May. Can it reasonably be said that Mary Pickford's death, a ballet dancer's retirement, food allergies and Lord Hunt's photographs of the Abominable Snowman's footprints represented a reflection of what happened and what was of concern inside London and the south east?'

Part of the problem, according to SERTUC, is that the first half of *Nationwide* in London is used as a dumping ground for national film reports and interviews which are not thought good enough for the nationally-broadcast second half of *Nationwide*. The BBC's failure is contrasted with the sprightly coverage in Thames TV's early evening programme, and London's Weekend's *London Programme*, which is a model of regional investigative reporting.

London is also unique within the BBC in that it does not have a regional advisory council drawn from the public – unlike all the other English regions, Scotland, Wales and Ulster. The report, which is being circulated to MPs, suggests that the BBC should set up an autonomous production unit for local programmes in London and the south east, that a news bulletin unit should be created in conjunction with BBC Radio London and that a regional advisory council should be formed.

## No summer holiday for Sunny Jim

*Patrick Wintour writes:* Neil Kinnock, rising star etc., appears to have upset his colleagues on the Left of the Labour Party by accepting Jim Callaghan's offer of the post of shadow education spokesman. Some feel he has undercut a campaign to end the patronage of the leader: at the moment 12 shadow cabinet posts are elected and the rest are appointed by the Prime Minister, but at a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party before the recess Fred Willey, the then vice-chairman of the party, placated the anti-patronage faction (led by the indomitable Denis Skinner) with the promise that the new shadow cabinet's first task would be to look at ways of electing all its members. Kinnock may feel that his achievement of 14th place in the shadow cabinet elections justifies his acceptance, but Eric Heffer clearly doesn't consider that 13th place in the poll entitles *him* to take a job courtesy of Jim. Dennis Skinner intends to raise the matter at the next PLP meeting.

Next Wednesday, striking Transport House staff permitting, Labour's National Executive meets to discuss the Organisation Committee's recommendation that the three year rule be waived so that the method of electing the leader can be discussed again by party conference. At present it looks as though the NEC has a majority for waiving the rule. If the constituency members can secure the votes of the women's section, with the exception of Lady Jeger, and also cajole Emlyn Williams of the Welsh miners to turn up for once, then the Callaghan faction would be defeated. It would then be up to the big union votes at conference.

At the same meeting next Wednesday, the NEC should appoint a successor to Lord Underhill as national agent. Three candidates have been short-listed – Joyce Gould, the women's organiser, David Hughes, regional organiser in the north east, and Walter Brown, the deputy agent. Gould is currently said to be favourite.

**LABOUR**
**Anna Coote**

Will women workers be double-crossed by the Clegg Commission?

# Doubling zero

THE MAJORITY of public service workers – and the lowest paid – are in danger of getting a very raw deal when Professor Hugh Clegg's Standing Commission on Pay Comparability makes its recommendations to government next month. Certainly, if management's evidence to the Commission is anything to go by, the largest awards will go to full-time male workers, who are currently the highest paid among those whose jobs are under review. The smallest will go to part-time female workers, who are the lowest paid.

Clegg and his team of six – two from the unions, two from industry and two academics – are faced with a dilemma. Their terms of reference (published in the NEW STATESMAN, 2.3.79) say they are to 'assess the appropriate form of comparisons with terms and conditions in other sections of the economy, and identify relevant comparators'. But this formal brief gives no guidance as to the kind of 'comparators' they are expected to find. Should they go for straightforward job-for-job comparison? Or for a more sophisticated form of job evaluation? Or should they try to come up with some new formula to meet the particular circumstances of the public service workers? Nor is the term 'appropriate' defined. Does it mean the most favourable to the workers? Or the most attractive to a government committed to public spending cuts? Should Clegg try to establish 'best practice', or seek out the cheapest 'comparators' available?

Women are 73 per cent of local authority manual workers and 72 per cent of hospital ancillary staff – which are the two largest groups under review. And they are concentrated in the lowest paid grades – mainly as cleaners, catering staff and laundry workers. The New Earnings Survey has shown that in April last year, the following proportions of full-time workers earned less than £60 a week:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Male NHS ancillary staff** | **37.3** | **per cent** |
| **Male local government manual workers** | **37.1** | **,,** |
| **All male workers** | **16.2** | **,,** |
| **Female NHS ancillary staff** | **80.1** | **,,** |
| **Female local government manual workers** | **87.9** | **,,** |
| **All female workers** | **67.3** | **,,** |

In case anyone forgets, the main objective of last February's dispute – which was resolved with a promise that the comparability study would sort things out – was to fight low pay. But as Professor Clegg's team may have discovered by now, comparability is not an ideal means to that end, especially where women are concerned.

The management side in each negotiating group has set out to persuade the Commission that it should go in for job-for-job comparison. As the employers of NHS ancillary staff put it, this

> will ensure for the hospital service, in the interests of its further efficiency, its proportionate share of staff of the quality necessary to do the job whilst at the same time avoiding the creation of a climate of unrelenting competition with other employers.

THEY GO on to advise that 'the Hotel and Catering Industry and the Laundry Industry spring to mind as two industries which can provide ready comparators'. And they stress the need to compare with 'a cross section of

## Oilgate notebook

■ The proposed Parliamentary investigation into Oilgate has not been completely buried. Last week Sir Ian Gilmour, Lord Privy Seal, told the House of Commons that 'the Government is considering the matter and a statement will be made as soon as possible.' The new Government seems reluctant to actually turn down an inquiry which was overwhelmingly approved by the House of Commons in February, but Margaret Thatcher is clearly hoping that in time the unpleasant revelations which erupted nearly a year ago will quietly blow over.

■ The first Oilgate romance: two of the main families involved in the sactions story are about to be united in holy matrimony. Sir Richard Marsh has just announced his engagement to Felicity McFadzean, daughter of Sir Frank. Marsh, who was Minister of Power in the crucial years between 1965 and 1968, showed remarkably little interest in making oil embargo effective. Indeed his civil servants appear to have been very sympathetic to the viewpoint of the oil companies. At the time Frank McFadzean, as the Shell Managing Director responsible for Southern Africa, played a key role in explaining the Total swap arrangement to the British Government. Both Marsh and McFadzean have since been knighted by the Queen.

■ One of the questions that arose from the Oilgate scandal was why the oil companies had been so worried about alienating the South African Government. South Africa, after all, is a small market for oil, at least in global terms. Part of the answer has now emerged: the oil companies see South Africa as an attractive base to diversify away from their dangerous dependence on a single product. Last year the South African Government gave preferential treatment to three of the international oil companies in their nre role as *coal* producers. Shell, BP, and Total were given the right to mine a third of the coal which will be exported from 1985 onwards. The reason has just been given by the South African Minister of Economic Affairs; the three oil companies had 'been subjected to the condition that they continue to fulfil their obligation in supplying liquid petroleum fuels to the country.'

■ Last week the NS reported the launching of the London Enterprise Agency. The chairman of this new organisation is none other than Louis Walker, the director of public relations at Shell UK. The high-point of Walker's career with Shell was as head of Shell South Africa and Shell Mozambique until 1973. There he displayed great enterprise to ensure that Shell and BP did not lose their major stake in the Rhodesian market.

**Martin Bailey**



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good and less good employers'. (What are 'less good' employers if not bad ones?) The local authority employers point out complacently that 'in the majority of occupations, for example catering, cleaning and driving, comparisons can be drawn relatively simply'.

It is obvious enough that public service workers can benefit from job-for-job comparison if their work is similar to that of well-organised, predominantly male groups in the private sector: drivers, for example, might not do too badly. But for catering and laundry workers 'comparators' would have to come from industries where wages are notoriously low and determined by Wages Councils rather than by collective bargaining. And as for cleaning staff, most of their 'comparators' in the private sector are paid *below* Wages Council rates. Of course, the reason why these groups are so badly off is that they too are predominantly female and have remained untouched by the Equal Pay Act. The employers see nothing wrong with this. Indeed, they are able to show that female public service workers are better paid than their private sector counterparts. The Health Service employers remark that 'the earnings of women ancillary workers, both full-time and part-time, (are) well above those for women workers elsewhere' and the local government employers declare that 'the problem of lower pay in the comparative sense exists mainly among full-time men'.

It has apparently not occurred to them that they might compare female with male workers in order to establish more equitable rates for the lowest paid. Yet they are prepared to use the male/female comparison when it suits them: implying that it might be over-generous to compare the pay of male ancillaries in the Health Service with the New Earnings Survey average for male manual workers. The employers point out that

> 'Male ancillaries are employed in a predominantly female occupation section of the Health Service yet the male manual earnings in the NES are built up from industries whose workforce are predominantly male'.

Local government employers suggest a 'minimum earnings guarantee' for full-time workers on a 40-hour week. This would exclude school meals staff, who are almost all women, who comprise one-third of the local authority manual workers, and whose maximum hours are 37 or 38 per week. The trade unions reject the job-for-job approach and abide by their original claim of a minimum basic rate equivalent to two-thirds of the average wage for all male workers. They remind Clegg that in other sectors – notably the civil service – where job-for-job comparisons have been made, Wages Council industries have been disqualified on the ground that they are not 'good employers'. And they oppose any settlement which reinforces sex discrimination by comparing 'female' groups inside the public service with 'female' groups outside.

> Because female earnings are higher as a percentage of male earnings in the public service than throughout the economy, this approach would once more widen the gap between male and female earnings. . .

If Clegg heeds the evidence of the unions, he will have to recommend very substantial increases for female public service workers – and he will be taking a significant step towards tackling the problem of discrimination against women in employment. What would be more 'appropriate' than that? To heed the employers' advice and increase differentials between male and female earnings?

**POLITICS**
**Dick Barbor-Might & Patrick Wintour**

Labour's strong stand is being destroyed by the Tories

# Britain's Battle for Chile

THE WORD HAS gone out in Whitehall and elsewhere that the new Conservative government intends to send back the British ambassador to Santiago. This move is expected at a time when the US government has locked itself into a complex legal and diplomatic battle with the Chilean junta over the murder in Washington of a former Chilean foreign Minister Orlando Letelier. The US Justice Department is currently trying to extradite a number of Chileans in connection with the Letelier murder. In view of this US-Chilean battle, in which there have been new developments this week, Carrington's decision may be extremely poorly timed.

The extent to which British business and political interests have been exerting pressure on the Foreign Office to restore normal relations with Chile is not generally understood. Nor is much widely known of a high level pro-Junta pressure group in this country which is remarkably similar to an American pressure group that has just run into trouble with the US Justice Department.

Within days of Nicholas Ridley coming to office (he is a Freedom Association sympathiser and now Minister with responsibility for South America) government medium-term export guarantee for the British trade with Chile was restored. This was done partly on commercial grounds, and partly as a sign of improving relations with the Junta. If there is any delay in executing the full policy reversal, it is more because of US opposition than any outcry that a pro-Junta move will engender in the Labour Party.

The US Justice Department is eager to trace the Letelier killers even if they are to be found in the inner sanctum of the Pinochet Government. The Chilean supreme court has refused to allow the extradition of the three Chileans, including the one-time chief of the DINA secret police and confidant of Pinochet, General Juan Contreras who, a Washington grand jury believe, ordered the

**From top left in clockwise direction: Reginald Sekonde, Viscount Montgomery, Lord Chalfont, Edmund Dell.**

Letelier assassination. The decision of the Chilean supreme court goes to appeal this week. Even if the US government is not successful in extraditing Contreras, the US Justice Department now has evidence of a network of terrorism organised by the DINA internationally in Brazil, Italy and France. Justice Department prosecutors are prepared to hand this evidence over to any national police force that wishes to undertake prosecutions. The extradition document is more than 700 pages long. All this would seem to suggest that this is not the most appropriate or helpful time for the Foreign Office to embark on full diplomatic relations. Carrington, however, has been advocating publicly the return of the ambassador since May 1978. He also knew how isolated in Whitehall the previous government was in its policy towards Chile.

Throughout their five years in office Labour Ministers pursued a policy towards Chile that, from any point of view, was an anomalous one. It did not tally with the general Latin American policy that was being followed throughout this period by the phalanx of officials and export-minded businessmen who were to be found in such diverse places as the Latin American Department of the Foreign Office, the Export Credit Guarantee Department, the Defence Sales Organisation of the Ministry of Defence, the British Embassy in Santiago, and (the hub of the whole system) the Economic Advisory Committtee of Canning House – an immensely influential cultural and business pressure group on Latin America. It is this last body, funded by the British Overseas Trade Board, that gathers together the main British private business interests and the relevant top five civil servants. It has been their role to downgrade human rights considerations in favour of 'non-political' business interests.

The power of this lobby, built into the centre of the government foreign policy machinery, is such that Labour Foreign Secretaries were able to maintain their Chile policy only with the utmost difficulty. It could never be generalised into an alternative policy for Labour in Latin America as a whole.

Human rights campaigners on Chile have also found themselves increasingly restricted. Having concentrated for so long on the more obvious forms of repression it is now difficult for them to switch from enumerating data on state terror to exposing an economic policy that necessitates unemployment rates of 20 per cent or more, the abolition of the public health services and serious protein deficiencies among the children of the poor. Nevertheless, the Junta faces a combative workforce and appears to have gone back on to the offensive in recent months. Reports from Santiago to Amnesty International speak of a fresh series of horrors, some reminiscent of 1975-77. But the British public is numbed.



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ARMS SALES HAVE BEEN THE MAIN AREA WHERE Britain has a substantial potential economic stake. When Roy Mason became Secretary of Defence in 1974, he was readily persuaded that the existing arms contracts should be 'honoured'. It fell to Callaghan, as Foreign Secretary, to defend a decision that had already been communicated to the Chileans. As responsible Minister he had to be equipped with arguments with which he could justify a decision that contradicted fine words uttered only a few months earlier. The Latin Americans did their bit to help. In Chile Police General Yovane made a public speech threatening to stop the supply of copper to British industry. The civil servants made much of this latter point when briefing Callaghan, although they must have known that the Junta was in no position to carry through its threat.

As the battle over the arms contract tailed away, Labour MPs discovered that Treasury officials were proceeding with the foreign debt negotiations (now at the bilateral stage) without the slightest reference to human rights considerations. The November 1974 Party Conference demanded that the Labour Government should refuse to attend any further talks on the matter until civil and political rights were restored. The refusal of the British government to attend debt negotiation talks early in 1975 was a serious blow for the Junta. The defection of a major creditor country from the talks led to their abandonment. However, the Junta could still count on perhaps its most important backer – Henry Kissinger. Working closely with Helmut Schmidt, Kissinger was able to arrange for the re-convening of the talks in May, *without* the participation of Britain and the other dissenting governments.

With the Americans, French and West Germans agreeing to the rescheduling of their share of the foreign debt, the Chilean Ambassador in London felt secure enough to defy Labour Ministers, arguing that he could not pay the British what was due to them since the other major creditor governments had agreed to forego the greater part of their scheduled repayments. Treasury officials were on hand to advise Ministers that there could be no question of imposing sanctions on the Junta for its defiance, and to point out that financial pressures just didn't work.

Through 1978 the Chile lobby built up its activities. According to a report in the Chilean magazine *Hoy*, Pinochet decided to employ a public relations firm to improve the country's image in Britain and America (since his referendum of January 1978 had conspicuously failed to do so). The Spring of 1978 saw a series of British journalists, mainly hostile, on expenses-paid trips to Chile; in May Viscount Montgomery and Lord Carrington made a plea in the House of Lords for the return of the ambassador and initiatives began which led eventually to the restoration of medium-term export credit.

HAVING STALLED to the summer recess the issue of export credit David Owen had to contend not only with his own officials but also with his own Ministerial colleagues, such as Edmund Dell. A free trade theoretician, Dell himself wrote a letter to Owen saying that he had talks with Fred Catherwood, the head of the British Overseas Trade Board and there was great feeling about the failure to restore credit. The force behind Dell's lobby came from two particular sources: the Latin American Trade Provisory Group of the British Overseas Trade Board (this group is also the Economic Advisory Committee of Canning House) and the Export Credit Guarantee Department. The former said the Chilean economy had improved sufficiently for credit restoration to be justified on commercial grounds. Only £20m. of the £50m. cover granted by the government was still outstanding. It was argued that other countries had restored credit – only three western countries had not – and that Chile was being picked out for 'selective indignation'.

To this argument Owen had three replies. Credit had not been restored to Spain under Franco; the exporters could get private banking insurance and Chile was not being singled out in Latin America since our political relations with Argentina, the country most often cited, over the Falkland Isles were too sensitive to risk alienating Videla. Once Dell had departed in November to be replaced by John Smith the worst problem was over. Smith, more party political than Dell, refused to countenance credit restoration. The pro-Chilean lobby then focussed their efforts through the British-Chilean Council. This produces a monthly newsletter of pro-Chilean propaganda, stressing export losses, encouraging investment in Chile and generally mopping up Pinochet's bloody face. The secretary of the Council is Tom Stacey, the journalist and publisher (of Robert Moss among others).

Stacey insists that though most of their money comes from Chile it remains independent from the Pinochet government. Stacey also admits that his contact in Chile is a woman called Nena Ossa. It was the same Nena Ossa who suggested to an American, Marvin Liebman, that he set up in Washington an American-Chilean Council secretly financed by direct Chilean money. Last December the US Justice Department brought charges against ACC and Liebman's public relations firm for violations of US laws requiring the registration of activities carried out in the US on behalf of foreign powers. On 1 June this year Liebman was banned by a federal court judge from any activities on behalf of the Chilean government. Letters subpoenaed from Liebman show that he carefully arranged to establish the ACC with a nominal membership of retired American diplomats and other notables who had no connection with the running of the organisation.

The American prosecution of ACC and the attempts to extradite the three Chileans show the seriousness of the US Justice Department's intentions. Eugene Propper, the US Justice Department prosecutor in Sandeago feels that if the US government is not satisfied with the appeal decision, then 'it might impose appropriate economic sanctions'. There has been talk of economic sanctions before and they have come to nothing; nevertheless it seems appalling timing for the British, with their great influence in Chile, to choose so quickly to recognise the unreliable and murderous Pinochet regime.

**MIDDLE EAST**
**Claudia Wright**

Carter's nightmare is that he may have to back Sadat all the way

# Will Egypt invade Libya?

FOR THE PAST three months, largely as a result of the Tanzanian drive to topple the Uganda regime of Idi Amin, and of increased fighting in Chad, Libya has been the focus of an intense campaign here and in the international press. The purpose is to link Libyan policies to Amin's atrocities and discredit Colonel Qaddafi once more as an irrational meddler whose schemes collapse once tested. There are signs, however, that Washington is reassessing the blitz of disinformation it has inspired, and would now prefer that none take the message altogether seriously.

In April, for example, the CIA was putting out stories that the Libyan leader had tried to buy a nuclear bomb from Peking in 1971, and had then suggested to the PLO that it help manufacture one in 1975. When Washington announced its cancellation of aid to Pakistan on 9 April, officials hinted that the Pakistanis had been developing nuclear weapons technology with Libyan financial assistance. The reports were denied by both the Libyans and Pakistanis. By early May, however, a variation of the story emerged in the Lebanese press attributed to Pentagon sources, who were said to be worried about Israel's vulnerability to submarine attack from Libya, particularly if, as was once again suggested, the Libyans had got their hands on nuclear missiles.

The Egyptian press has been particularly active in circulating rumours of 'thousands' of Libyan casualties in Uganda, internal disturbances in Libya and attempted coups against Qaddafi. A January report in *Al Ahram* of a coup attempt found its way into BBC foreign service broadcasts and thence into the press here in February. This was followed by a second coup story, from the Cairo weekly *Akhir Saah* in April, which was picked up by the State Department monitoring service.

Out of the murk have also come several reports, first in late March and then a few days ago, indicating that the Egyptians may have moved fresh forces along the coastal highway from Alexandria to the Libyan border. Libyan radio has reported new Egyptian military manoeuvres in the Sidi Barrani area of the border. These have led to the suggestion by two national columnists closely connected to the Defence Department here that US 'policymakers' are having 'nightmares' that 'if Sadat attacked neighboring Libya . . . Carter (might) be compelled to back him all the way. Sadat's total dependence on the United States today . . . makes the United States as a much a hostage to Egypt's policy as it long has been to Israel's policy.'

ALSO AT ISSUE is the steeply rising trade imbalance between the US and Libya. This now exceeds $3.5 billion annually, and reflects Libya's position as the third-ranking oil supplier to the US (behind Saudi Arabia and Nigeria). With Nigeria threatening an oil embargo if President Carter attempts to lift sanctions against Rhodesia, Libyan price



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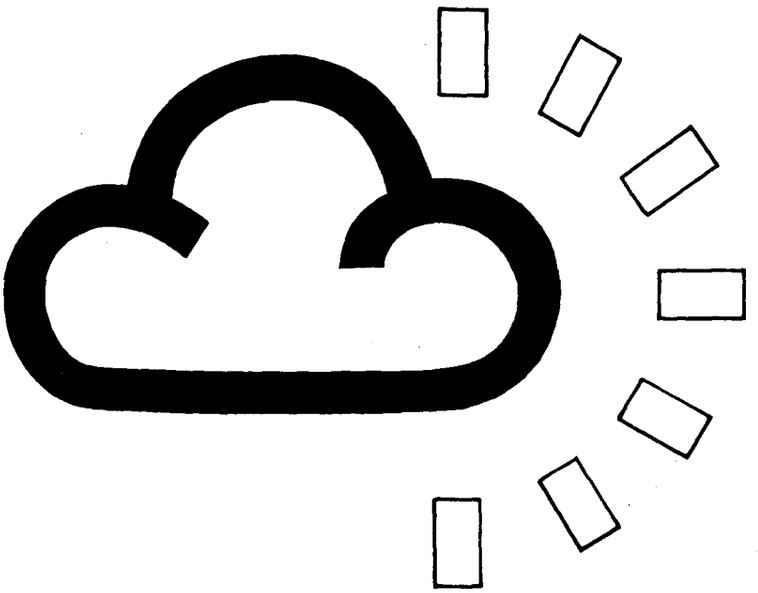

# Outlook: changeable.

No offence to the Met Office, but weather forecasting isn't the most reliable science in the world. And no disrespect to our own planning department, but the oil industry has much the same kind of problem: about the only prospect we can forecast with absolute confidence is change. But what change? And how fast?

In the twelve weeks since Mobil launched its current series of advertisements we've seen a succession of major changes, particularly on the energy scene; and, inevitably, a change in the issues which most concern people.

So, although this series set out to discuss the issues surrounding a major investment project, we've tried as well to deal with current events as they arose.

To explain, for example, why oil companies are now having to limit their deliveries, and to show who really profits from rising oil prices.

We've talked about energy costs — which are rising and will continue to rise. About the need to switch from over-dependence on oil to alternative energy sources. About the need to become more conservation-conscious.

As it's turned out, the whole series has been about responding to change — something industry has always had to do.

In the main, people seem to have appreciated the effort. We've had a great many comments, often from readers who don't necessarily accept an oil company's version of events as gospel.

But the most frequent question people have asked is: why do we do it?

Basically, because we believe today's rapidly-changing energy scene is a matter for public and political debate; and because informed debate depends on knowing where all the interested parties stand. Organisations like Mobil, which have an inside view of energy issues, can contribute by making their positions clear.

Even when the outlook is changeable, people like to know which way the wind's blowing.

This is the last of a series on oil and business today. If you would like a reprint of the series, please write to: General Manager Public Affairs, Mobil Oil Company Ltd, 54/60 Victoria Street, London SW1E 6QB.

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increases of over 50 per cent since December, and clear reluctance by the Saudis to increase output or restrain the price spiral. American energy sensitivities have been edging towards a re-evaluation of earlier policy towards Libya. But the main result seems to have been confusion. The State Department announced a month ago that restrictions on the export to Tripoli of American aeroplanes would be lifted. Last week the decision was reversed – as a result of pressure from the Jewish community (whose support and funding Carter needs for the next election). But this week David Newsom, Under Secretary for Political Affairs, is on an unpublicised three-day trip to Libya, seeking ways to improve relatins.

At the same time, the US is under intense if clumsy pressure from Egypt to build up its military strength, and to do so in a hurry. The Egyptians point out that accelerated deliveries of fighter planes are necessary, both to compensate for the Saudi refusal to pay for Egyptian purchase of 50 F-5Es, and to protect Egypt from the Libyan threat. The Egyptians point to American intelligence reports from last February indicating that 'more than 100 North Korean pilots' are flying MIG-23s recently delivered to Tripoli by the Soviet Union.

Caught in a predicament largely of their own making, American officials are now indicating another assessment of Qaddafi's military capabilities. The picture shifts from holocaust to farce. One Pentagon officer described Libyan weaponry as 'a tremendous arsenal of all kinds of junk'. As far as the submarine threat goes, he said: 'The deployment of submarines takes great expertise. In my experience with third world countries, it's difficult for them to get boats from point A to point B successfully, let alone accomplish anything provocative.'

There is considerable reluctance to accelerate arms deliveries to Egypt. In place of the 50 F-5Es, the US has agreed to provide 34 F-4 Phantoms, but only a dozen of these will be ready by October. This week the first 16 Egyptian pilots arrived to begin English-language training to fly the aircraft, and they will be followed shortly by a group of Egyptian mechanics. Sadat has apparently requested that a dozen aircraft be ready for flight by October, when American officials have agreed to have them ready for a major military parade in Cairo celebrating the anniversary of the 1973 Yom Kippur war.

But the Libyans fear that Sadat is planning an assault across the border – perhaps even a strike against the oilfields – at that time. In response, they have increased their military intake over the past six months to include men up to 30 years old, and have strengthened security around oil installations. Pentagon officials now say that they see 'a classic Middle East cycle of two sides upping their threats against each other'. Somewhat belatedly they admit: 'We are aware there's tension on the border. We hope both sides restrain themselves'.

**WELFARE RIGHTS**
**Ruth Lister**

Supplementary Benefits Commission insists on more public spending

# No 'rough justice' for claimants

IT WAS 'in accordance with the Government's pledge for more open government' that *Social Assistance*, the internal DHSS review of the supplementary benefits scheme, was published last July. Thousands of free copies were distributed and its civil servant authors trooped around the country practising 'open government' at nearly 100 meetings. There was an impressive response – 1100 written submissions – and the review came in for a great deal of criticism. This week the Supplementary Benefits Commission published its own response. Not only does the Commission take care to dissociate itself from the work of the review ('We only posed a lot of questions which set it going'); but it also lines up with the critics in rejecting the assumptions on which the review is based.

The main objection to *Social Assistance*, voiced by a wide range of organisations, is that it fails to deal with two key issues: first, the massive and still-growing dependence on supplementary benefit; and, second, the failure of the supplementary benefit scheme to provide claimants with an income sufficient to ensure (in the words of the SBC) 'normal participation in the life of the relatively wealthy society in which they live'.

The review team set out to redistribute the crumbs of the supplementary benefit scheme, rather than to bake a better cake. It admitted this course was 'bound to involve some element of rough justice and some losers as well as gainers' and remarked that it seemed impracticable to expect that 'extra money would always be found for the process of levelling up to ensure that nobody would be worse off than now'. The real question, said the team, was 'how much loss, and for how many, would be acceptable?'.

In the name of 'simplification' the review team made a desperate attempt to bring under control rising expenditure and staff resources. 'Simplification' is an attractive slogan, but as David Ennals pointed out when he was Secretary of State for Social Services, 'to simplify means to add to the cost unless some are left poorer'. The authors of *Social Assistance* were happy to let claimants themselves bear the cost of simplification.

THE SBC HAS no time for this thinly disguised attack on claimants' living standards. Its report states:

> If the reform of the scheme is to be worthwhile, and if the living standards of claimants generally are to be protected and improved, it follows that the 'no cost' assumptions adopted in the review report must be rejected . . . The overriding priority in reforming the supplementary benefits scheme is to increase the level of benefit for families with children and for all claimants who have to live on the lower ordinary scale rates.

It also makes clear that its own priorities extend the limits of the supplementary benefits scheme itself:

> Unemployment is the great, and growing, unresolved problem in Britain today. For those without jobs, the main need is not better or more benefits, but opportunities for work . . . Within the field of social security benefits themselves, our top priority is for better child benefits . . . Our next priority is to give those who cannot get work State benefits as of right, without means tests . . . (in particular) the unemployed must not be treated as second-class citizens, with benefits that cover too few, give too little, and run out too soon.

The SBC lends its support to some of the more unpopular of the review team's proposals, such as the denial of benefit to school leavers, and it does not go nearly far enough towards improving benefit rates for children. But this should not detract from the importance of its stand against the concept of a no-cost review of supplementary benefits – especially since *Social Assistance* must be such sweet music to the ears of a Tory Government committed to cuts in public expenditure. The new Secretary of State for Social Services has said he is 'attracted by many of the ideas' in the review, and references to simplifying social security, made both in the Queen's Speech and in the Chancellor's Budget Statement, suggest the Tories may be eager to implement such a perfect blue-print for cut-price reform. If they do, they will be flying in the face of the very body which administers the scheme. The SBC stresses that the problems of supplementary benefits 'cannot be solved without additional expenditure from public funds' and points out that the cost of its own proposals, though large, would be 'well within the sums often given away in tax reductions at budget time'.

So what will become of this much vaunted exercise in open government? The review team will report the results to Ministers, but we don't yet know whether they will be published. Given the overwhelmingly hostile reaction, it seems likely that they will. If the government ignores both the general reaction to the review and the SBC's advice, and attempts to reform without spending more money, the whole exercise will have proved a costly waste of time.

*Ruth Lister is the Director of the Child Poverty Action Group.*

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"An unpredictable horse will only cost you money. But an unpredictable wine can cost you an evening."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE
RED AND WHITE FRENCH WINE
VIN DE TABLE BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE
For once, don't worry about the wine.




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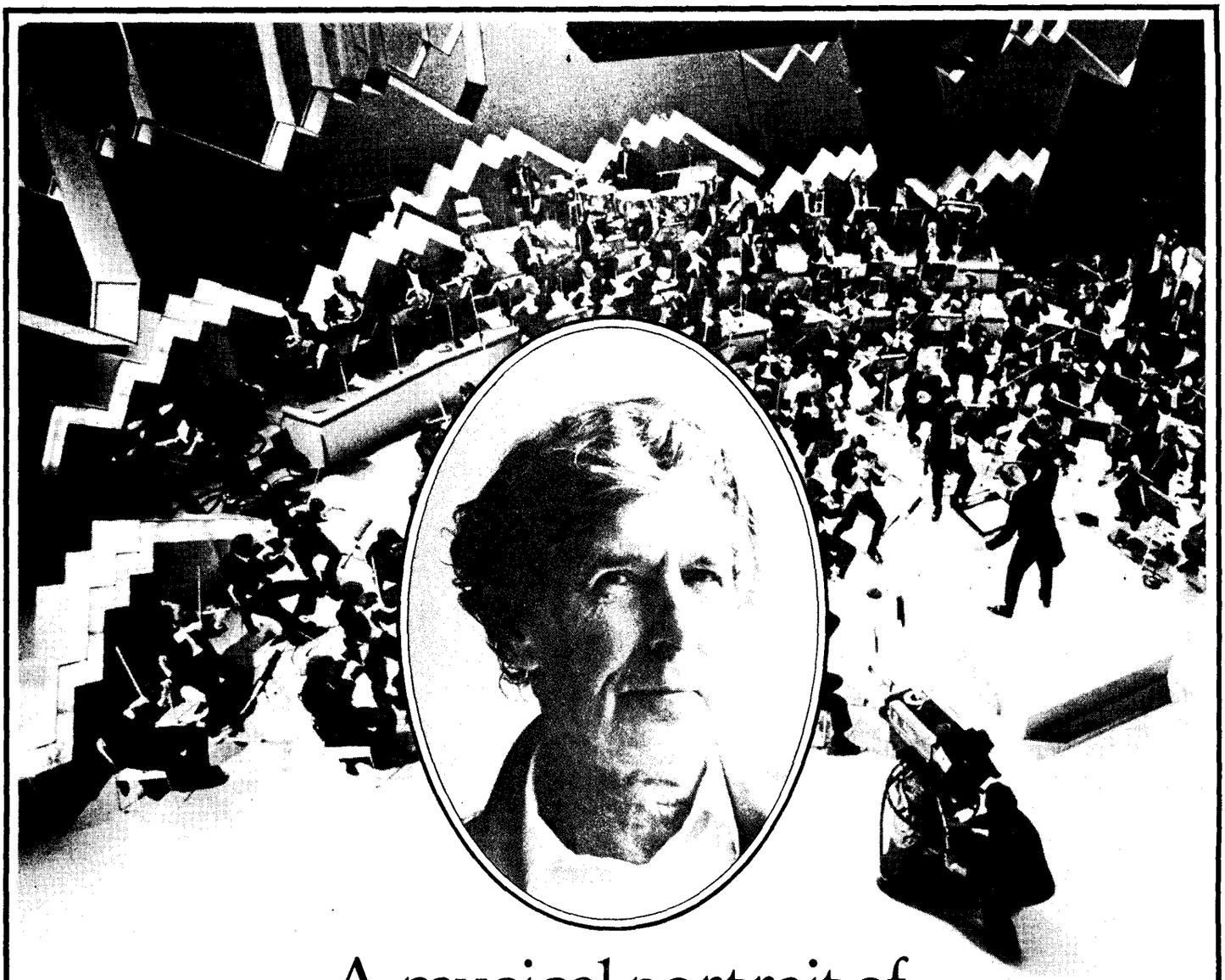

# A musical portrait of SIR MICHAEL TIPPETT

The life and music of Britain's greatest living composer, Sir Michael Tippett, will be the subject of next Sunday's special, 90 minute, edition of THE SOUTH BANK SHOW, the last in the present series.

In the programme Sir Michael talks to Melvyn Bragg about boyhood, musical memories, influences, and about his development as a composer. David Atherton conducts and discusses the composer's music.

Artists and orchestras appearing and playing in the programme include the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the London Sinfonietta, the Lindsay String Quartet, singers and orchestra of the Welsh National Opera, soprano Heather Harper, tenor Gerald English, and pianist Stephen Savage.

'A musical portrait of Sir Michael Tippett', produced and directed by Alan Benson, edited and presented by Melvyn Bragg, will be the subject of a

## SOUTH BANK SHOW SPECIAL

from

LWT

London Weekend Television
this Sunday, June 24, at 10.30 pm, on ITV



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# The British drinker exposed

## Most of us drink far too much. We are drinking more each year. And we all drink much more than we say we do. LAURIE TAYLOR reports.

THE EXTRA 28p on a bottle of Bells and Teachers and the 2p on a pint of bitter which we've been paying since Monday isn't likely to produce anything more than a hiccup in the continuing upward trend of alcohol consumption in this country. Compared to twenty years ago we're already drinking 200 per cent more spirits (particularly scotch, vodka, gin and white rum), 4,000 per cent more ice-cold thirst-shattering keg lager (although admittedly this increase is on a very low original base), 15 per cent more beer and 300 per cent more wine. All these figures will go still higher. Wine in particular is expected to soar (in W. Europe only Ireland drinks less of it than we do), and nothing seems able to stop the progress of lager. One excited brewery executive told me the other day that provided you gave it the right Nordic name and put a bit of silver paper round the neck of the bottle then you could sell it at almost any price you liked: 'We'll be asking a pound a bottle in a couple of years time and getting it!' Overall, it means that our *per capita* consumption of alcohol is nearly 100 per cent higher than 25 years ago. And that total doesn't include the almost unmeasurable amount of home-made wine and beer which is drunk every year. One conservative estimate suggests there are now 5 million people making it themselves and only a couple of weeks ago the London Rubber Company (who else) decided to invest £1.5m in producing kits to rival those so successfully marketed at present by Boots and Sainsbury's.

You don't hear too much about overall consumption figures from the brewers and distillers. Of course, they report excellent sales and fat profits (the big six brewers made a total of £350 million in 1978) but any concern they might have about the nation's escalating drinking habits are largely confined to a few words on the back of beermats (Be Sensible – Don't Drink and Drive), a poster campaign in pubs to curb under-age drinking (the clever but innocuous 'yellow card scheme') and occasional noises about the problem of 'alcoholism'.

Privately, the manufacturers of alcoholic drink must be quite pleased about that concept of 'alcoholism'. For although there's considerable professional argument about whether it really exists as a discrete medical category – with the 'disease' theory often only holding its own as a useful fiction for both patient and therapist – there's no doubt that the purveyors of booze carry a sizeable body of public opinion along with them when they mutter sadly about the very special problem of the 'alcoholic'. After all, if you can maintain that there is a small minority of psychologically disturbed people who are unable to cope in a sensible fashion with a product which brings such great pleasure to so many others, then you do much to confirm the normality of tens of thousands of other heavy drinkers.

The figures showing our increasing reliance on alcohol are complemented by disturbing news about the effects of such heavy drinking. Even though the police seem to have developed some aversion to using the breathalyser, with numbers of 'tests' actually falling in recent years, convictions for drunken driving have leapt up from 15,000 (1967) to 55,000 (1978). The introduction of the electronic breathalyser in the near future could make a big difference to police attitudes and to these figures: no more cases in which drunks sit around the police station desperately trying not to piss until enough time has passed for their alcohol level to drop. Actual arrests for drunkenness are up to *108,000* and 5,000 of these are the under 18 year olds. And while we're at it, the annual cost of accidents due to drinking is estimated at £100,000,000 and the death rate per million from cirrhosis of the liver has climbed by 50 per cent since 1950.

More specific information is difficult to get. We know that there are more deaths from cirrhosis of the liver in the Durham area than anywhere else in the country, but no one seems to know (although the advertisers must) about those places in which, for example, spirit drinking is very high, or where, perhaps there have been recent dramatic increases in consumption. The Government Family Expenditure Survey which provides a figure for the proportion of household income spent on drink points to the North East of England as an area of high consumption (East Anglia is lowest) and also enables us to calculate that while we spend less on booze in Britain than in some other Western European countries, our relatively low wages mean that such expenditure accounts for a higher proportion of our income.

BUT PERHAPS all of this is less important in the long term than the general mood of complacency which seems to exist among drinkers about the nature of their habit. Nobody seems to notice or want to notice that anything very much is happening. Everyday heavy drinking, unlike secondary picketing or teenage vandalism, is assumed to have no particular social or political significance; although one might have thought that the regular inebriation of a quarter of the male population of this country had rather more relevance to any assessment of the consciousness of the nation than, say, an analysis of voting patterns, or of the programmes of the main political parties.

So how do people manage to drink twice as much as they used to and still go on persuading themselves that alcohol plays no significant part in their lives? A grant from Granada Television enabled a group of us to commission two National Opinion Polls – one random omnibus survey and one in-depth qualitative survey – which provided some of the answers*.

As soon as you start listening to material from the depth interviews – eighty forty-five minute cassette recordings with such anonymous codings as 'M 18-24 C2DE' or 'F 25-34 ABC1' – you realise the extent to which

*Some of the results from these NOP surveys appeared in the Granada TV programme *The National Drink Test* which was networked two days ago. The NOP qualitative report upon which much of this article is based was prepared by Wendy Baker. Steve Crook and Pete Cressey assisted with the preliminary research project at York University. All quotations are representative of attitudes expressed in the surveys, unless otherwise stated.

Camera Press

**Regular Drinkers in Great Britain**

(i.e. Those who drink every day/most days/2 or 3 times a week)

| Age Group | 18-24 | 25-34 | 35-44 | 45-64 | 65+ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Percentage | **42** | **43** | **33** | **31** | **24** |

**Heavy Drinkers in Great Britain (1)**

(i.e. Those who normally drink 5-6 pints or more, or 6 or more measures of spirits)

| Age Group | 18-24 | 23-34 | 35-44 | 45-64 | 65+ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Percentage | **18** | **15** | **12** | **6** | **1** |

**Heavy Drinkers in Great Britain (2)**

(i.e. All those answering 5-6 pints or more, or 6 or more measures of spirits to the question: What is the most you ever drink?)

| Age Group | 18-24 | 25-34 | 35-44 | 45-64 | 65+ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Percentage | **54** | **44** | **32** | **21** | **4** |

*(Source N.O.P. Market Research Limited for Granada Television Limited 1979.)*



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Camera Press

## Advertisements and Drinking

| Do you think that drink advertisements do any of the following? | Yes (%) | No (%) | Don't Know (%) |
|---|---|---|---|
| Encourage people to start drinking | 44 | 49 | 7 |
| Encourage people to drink more | 36 | 56 | 7 |
| Encourage people to change their drink | 59 | 31 | 10 |

| Do you think that advertisements for drink should be banned? | Yes (%) | No (%) | Don't Know (%) |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 21 | 76 | 3 |

*(Source N.O.P. Market Research Limited for Granada Television Limited 1979)*

## Women and Drinking

**Do you think it is more acceptable for a woman or a man to do the following or doesn't it make any difference?**

| | Male (%) respondents | Female (%) respondents |
|---|---|---|
| **DRINKING IN A PUB ALONE** | | |
| More Acceptable for a Man | 68 | 80 |
| No Difference | 32 | 20 |
| More Acceptable for a woman | * | * |
| **DRINKING HALVES OF BEER** | | |
| More Acceptable for a man | 20 | 37 |
| No Difference | 57 | 47 |
| More Acceptable for a Woman | 23 | 16 |
| **DRINKING PINTS OF BEER** | | |
| More Acceptable for a man | 75 | 85 |
| No Difference | 23 | 15 |
| More Acceptable for a woman | 2 | * |
| **GETTING DRUNK** | | |
| More Acceptable for a Man | 54 | 60 |
| No difference | 44 | 39 |
| More Acceptable for a Woman | 1 | 1 |

* = percentage less than 0.5

*(Source N.O.P. Market Research Limited for Granada Television Limited 1979.)*

regular drinkers try to maintain that their habit is something which is quite peripheral to the rest of their lives. Even those whose consumption suggests that they must technically be under the influence of alcohol for something like one third of their waking lives still collude with manufacturers and advertisers by insisting that it is merely an accompaniment to other activities and not of any central importance to their existence.

One of the simplest and most popular ways to keep feeling secure is to define yourself as a 'modest' or 'average' drinker. Table I which is taken from the NOP random survey which we carried out at the same time as the depth interviews shows there is a great deal of regular and heavy drinking going on in most age groups. (Respondents to national surveys of this kind are usually assumed to underestimate their drinking so that a check is introduced by the second question on the 'most you ever drink'. A figure somewhere between the two percentages given in Table I probably provides the best guide to the numbers of heavy drinkers in each age group).

But even drinkers who clearly fell in such 'heavy' categories, who drank a lot and drank very often, hung on to their 'modest' image by reference to other 'heavier' drinkers. One middle-aged woman explained;

> I have a lot of relations and I know a lot of friends who all drink more than I do . . . so therefore I would term myself a light drinker.

There seemed almost no limit to this process. One 27-year-old man who drank ten to twelve pints a day on average declared:

> I don't drink excessively . . . I think I'd call heavy drinkers people that I know that sup two bottles of brandy a day, and pints as well, which I know these people do.

The survey strongly suggested that nearly every one of us, when closely questioned about our drinking, would claim either that we drank 'less' than our friends or colleagues, or else that we drink only the same amount as them on some occasions because we were 'keeping up'. And if that didn't get us off the hook, then the interviews showed that there was still another escape route. Very heavy beer and lager drinkers kept themselves in the ranks of the 'normals' and the 'average' by pointing shocked fingers at the 'spirit-drinker'. It was *he* who was really the heavy drinker. Some also reassured themselves by citing their attitude to their own drinking: even those who drank heavily most nights of their lives could remain unconcerned because they were able to distinguish their own degree of commitment to drink from that shown by 'alcoholics'.

> It's not the amount of drink that they drink that means they're alcoholic, it's the demand that you must have it. I mean you can be an alcoholic and only drink two pints of beer a day. It's the fact that you *must* drink, you've got to drink. (M 35-44 ABC)

It was difficult to find anyone in the sample who thought that it was the *taste* which made them drink. And certainly the massive increases in the sales of lager in recent years must bear that out. British lager or British 'brewed under licence' lager must stand next to gin and vodka and white rum as just about the most tasteless of all alcoholic drinks. No wonder that, like those white spirits which share its present popularity, it is frequently 'enlivened' by the addition of a shot of fruit juice. So much so that what you put in the lager is more important than the drink itself.

> Q. Is it the taste that makes you drink?
> A. It is for me – yes – because I have blackcurrant in my lager. I don't like lager on its own. If you said to me you had to drink lager on its own I could but I wouldn't drink as many. I like blackcurrant in mine.
> Q. Isn't that unusual?
> A. No. More and more people are drinking blackcurrant these days. I mean a lot of my friends have turned to it . . . I don't like the taste of lime, it's too sticky. Blackcurrant's just nice. (F 18-24 ABC 1)

And despite all those misleading thirst-quenching advertisements which ignore the de-hydrating effect of alcohol ('Legal Decent Honest Truthful' – where are you now?) *thirst* is rarely given as a reason for drinking. Presumably the point of such thirst-shattering advertising is to provde a plausible excuse for drinking: you are hot, sweaty and thirsty and therefore *need a drink*. But while this idea might do something to relieve guilty consciences, no one seems to have been sufficiently taken in by it to claim it as the real reason.

When people are pressed for personal or psychological reasons then relaxation is most likely to be mentionend. Relief from *stress* is also referred to by nearly everbody but, interestingly, this is rarely given any personal reference. It's always other people and not oneself who get relief from boredom, loneliness and frustration by using alcohol – as though the admission of psychological needs would give the drink too much prominence in one's life.

> I suppose some people have a lot of things on their mind, and it helps them forget. If they are lonely, I suppose they tend to go for the bottle. (F 18-24 C2DE)

The 'real' reason for drinking, the one which is given most frequently as 'my reason', is *situation*. You find yourself with others in a place where drink is available so therefore you simply have a drink to be sociable. Such a view makes life easy for the brewers and distillers. If they want to sell more booze then quite their best move is to try to get the stuff naturally associated with more and more daily events – not just with the pub, but with a meal in a restaurant, any sort of sport, a trip to the seaside, the discotheque, a visit to the cinema, an evening at home with the television. A few realised what was going on:

> I feel today you just cannot meet in company, like, unless you have a drink. The whole situation is geared for people drinking – pubs, clubs, you know – it's very rare to meet someone for a cup of coffee. (M 45-64 C2DE)

But such comments were rare. More usually, the increasing number of situations in which drink seemed natural was taken for granted.

> I think most people drink when they go out, don't they . . . to be social. Not many people say 'Don't get me a drink', you'd feel out of it, wouldn't you? (F 35-44 C2DE)



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IF REGULAR DRINKERS and regular heavy drinkers are to maintain the idea of themselves as people who drink rather less than most of their friends, who can take it or leave it, who are not particularly interested in its taste or psychological functions, who usually drink because the situation prompts it, who only take a bit too much on special occasions, then they need a few scapegoats who will embody all those attitudes to drink which their own psychic manoeuvring has so effectively allowed them to evade.

Solitary drinkers fit the bill very nicely. Those who drink by themselves are clearly not doing it as an accompaniment to any other activity, they're showing far too much interest in the drink itself to be healthy, and they're not just drinking in order to keep up with the others and be generally sociable.

> 'It looks bad to me – it looks as though there's something the matter with the person – either they can't make friends or they can't be sociable.' (M 25-34 C2DE)

> 'There wouldn't really be much point in going to a pub and drinking on your own, just sitting there and not talking to anybody – that's a waste of time . . . because it's a social thing.' (F 25-34 ABC1)

But even more useful as a scapegoat is the solitary *woman* drinker. For a woman to show such public commitment to alcohol can apparently mean only one of two things. (And our sample showed that women are as anxious as men to point out what they are):

> I certainly don't like to see a lady in a pub on her own. Possibly I'm old-fashioned, but to me it's wrong . . . To me, one of two things – she's on the loose, looking for somebody, or, dependent upon what rate she's drinking and what she is drinking, possibly she's an alcoholic. . . (F 45-64 C2DE)

There was little evidence to suggest that such an attitude was really 'old-fashioned'.

> I just don't like the idea; I just feel wrong. I would feel cheap if I was to stand in a bar on my own. I would feel as though people were looking at me and saying 'Does she want picking up?' or something like that. (F 18-24 ABC1)

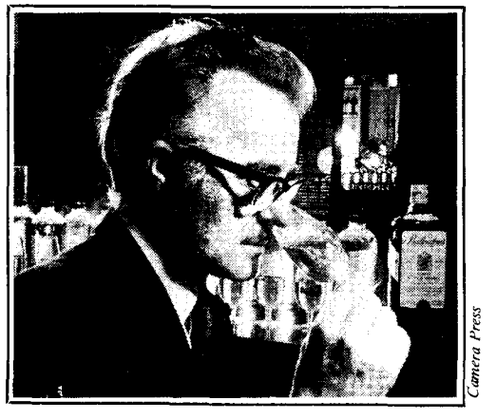
There are some signs from our nationwide random survey (see Table 2) that the young are slightly less intolerant, but there are no class differences to be found. Some part of the concern also seems to come from the fear that women will show the 'worst side of drink' – that they will somehow discredit the cleverly sustained illusions of the 'normal sociable drinkers' rather like an undisciplined child at a conjuring show. In the words of the NOP report, 'the idea of drunken women was appalling to the vast proportion of respondents, both male and female, of all age and class groups'.

> I hate them when they do that, and they start singing in loud voices and weeping. (F 45-65 ABC1)

> They're (women) a damn sight worse. I mean they just sit on the kerb sobbing all the time. (M 25-34 2DE)

> They usually become extremely silly, the ones I know. They become exceptionally silly and fall over you. (M 18-24 ABC1)

Only one per cent of our national random survey thought it more acceptable for a woman than a man to get drunk (see Table 2) and as though to emphasise the point that women's drinking must be kept in check, less than a quarter of all men interviewed, and less than a sixth of all women, thought it just as



Camera Press

acceptable for women to drink pints as men (see Table 2). But one of our 'depth' interviewees was anxious to produce a good physical reason for such apparent intolerance –

> I've seen many a girl trying to pick up a pint and found it too heavy. (M 18-24 ABC1)

Some reassurance about drinking and heavy drinking also seemed to come from the strongly held view – particularly among the older age groups – that there were now far fewer drunks around than in the past. Although numbers of people found guilty in court for drunkenness show a practically unbroken upward trend since 1950 (118,000 in 1978), with the figure for teenage drunkenness rising from 1,852 convictions in 1964 to 5,000 in 1978, their *visibility* seemed lower.

> I don't see it, do I? I can remember as a kid seeing drunks outside pubs, lying in a ditch, or in the gutter, as a regular feature. To that extent you don't see it. (M 45-64 ABC1)

> I remember when I was small, you used to see drunks rolling about the pavements on Saturday nights – you don't see this about now. (F 45-64 ABC1)

Of course a lot of today's drunks are more likely to be travelling at 50 mph in the middle of the road than rolling about the pavement, but otherwise the strong impression of less public drunkennness seemed difficult to understand.

The other group to be lined up alongside the solitary drinkers and the drunken women as a reassuring image of abnormality was, predictably, the alcoholics. To play their scapegoat role to the full, such types need to stand in direct contrast to all those who see themselves as casual, peripheral, sociable, moderate, heavy only on special occasions, and 'less than my colleagues except when I'm keeping up', drinkers. So alcoholics have to be seen as solitary and secretive:

> There's people that hide bottles all over the place and eat violet sweets just before their husband comes in. (F 35-44 ABC1)

> The typical alcoholic to me is a person who has got a broken marriage, probably living in digs somewhere, but with no meals supplied. (M 35-44 ABC).

Their drinking cannot be allowed to be simply enjoyable:

> It's just not a sort of pleasure to them – it's something of a *must* and they've got to have it every day, and they'll pay anything for it.

And somewhere in the background is likely to be a serious problem which drink is being used to resolve:

> The person who is likely to become alcoholic will have other problems; it's not going to happen to the person who leads a busy life and is full of his commitments, and therefore doesn't need stimulating or alternatives. Someone with a disturbed state, perhaps lacking in confidence and cannot approach anybody with their problems. (M 25-34 ABC1)

Physically they should also be readily distinguishable from the usually happy crowd of 'moderate' drinkers.

> Well he's either got funny eyes or funny teeth and you can't understand what they're on about. (M 18-24 C2DE)

Despite the frequency and intensity of drink advertising in this country (the annual cost is approximately £30 million) only a minority (see Table 3) are prepared to concede that all those cheery booze images – the Martini balloons, Captain Morgan and his desert island girls, thirst-shattering Harp, whimsical Heineken, cultured Guinness, ooh-la-la Dubonnet and blunt North country Tartan – do anything to get us drinking in the first place; or to make us drink more once we're on the stuff. Most preferred to hold to the gentler and less disturbing belief that advertisements simply encouraged us to switch drinks.

There are few signs that anything will dent the current composure of frequent and heavy drinkers in this country. Our solid belief that others drink more than we do, that we drink out of social habit rather than personal need, that our drinking is always an accompaniment to other activities and that thank god we're a million miles away from drunken women and alcoholics, is pretty effective psychic insulation. There seems no reason at all why such amiable complacency should not safely see us through even greater levels of alcohol consumption in the coming years. Indeed, the one safe social prediction which it seems possible to make in these unsettled times, and one based firmly on consumption trends for the last ten years for beer, wine and spirits, is that Great Britain, along with practically every other country in the world, will go on getting just that little bit drunker every year.

*Laurie Taylor, Professor of Sociology at York University was the consultant for the Granada programme: hoist by his own categorical system, he now admits to being a 'heavy drinker'.*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What do the Lawyers recommend?
What finally gets through to the public?

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# Nixon: the lust for glory

**In this second extract from *Sideshow**, William Shawcross describes how fighting in Cambodia lurched out of control. 'I'll show them who's tough', said Nixon – and he was as good as his word.**

*After the secret bombing of Cambodia had destabilised Prince Sihanouk's regime, he was overthrown by Lon Nol in a coup which the Nixon Administration welcomed.*

LON NOL was an unlikely war leader. In financial matters he may have been worldly, but at moments of crisis a strain of mysticism, never far from the surface, overwhelmed him.

Almost nothing was known of him in the White House at the time of the coup. One American cartoonist aptly drew Kissinger saying to Nixon 'All we know about Lon Nol is that his name spelled backwards makes Lon Nol'. But immediately after Sihanouk's deposition the staff of the National Security Council found their 'in' trays clogged with memoranda, questions and demands from the Oval Office. Roger Morris, who resigned over the invasion, believes these 'stream-of-consciousness excursions into courage and aggression' will make extraordinary reading for historians – if they survive. Their message was that the United States must act somehow and decisively, and that this man Lon Nol must be helped at all costs. There was to be no pause to see whether Sihanouk might return or even whether the new government was at all competent. 'From Day One,' says Marshall Green, the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs and State's representative on WAS-SAG – the White House's crisis management body – 'Nixon was insistent on building up Lon Nol.' It was a decision that disturbed many officials in both State and Defense Departments. It led to the invasion and the five-year war.

*The professional diplomats feared – correctly – that Lon Nol, given American encouragement, would allow fighting inside Cambodia to escalate out of control. As clashes between Lon Nol's forces and the Vietnamese inside Cambodia became more ferocious, the White House decided that the Vietnamese enclaves must be cleaned out by invasion from South Vietnam. Shawcross's revelations about Presidential decision-making are alarming:*

EVER SINCE 1970, Nixon and his associates have claimed that the invasion of Cambodia at the end of April was a great success. This assessment has been widely accepted. It is not accurate. The invasion not only was disastrous for Cambodia, but it also had serious long-term effects on Vietnam and on the nature of the Nixon administration itself. The way in which it was conducted broke rules of good policymaking, ignored vital intelligence, and disregarded political realities. Congress, to whom the Constitution assigns the power to declare war – in order, as Lincoln put it, that 'no man should hold the power of bringing this oppression upon us' – was totally ignored. So was almost everyone else.

Writing about the Cuban missile crisis, Richard Neustadt suggested that Congressional debate could no longer be a realistic constraint on modern Presidential crisis management and that more effective was argument within the Executive Branch. But even this unofficial, unrecognised restraint was missing in April 1970. Decision making was already so centralised in the White House that it was not true, in Neustadt's phrase, that the President stood 'at the centre of a watchful circle with whose members he cannot help but consult.'

Throughout the month Nixon was visibly angered by the Senate's rejections of the two men he had nominated for the Supreme Court seat left vacant by the resignation of Abe Fortas. After his first choice, Clement Haynsworth, was thrown out, Nixon publicly demanded that his second, G. Harrold Carswell, be approved automatically. The Senate, however, found that Carswell had no legal qualification for the task and was a segregationist; he too was rejected. In his book *Six Crises,* Nixon had described how he had always tried to control his impulsive rages. This time he wheeled into the White House press room, stuttered out a denunciation of the sixty-one 'vicious', 'hypocritical', 'prejudiced' Senators who had thwarted the people's wishes as he had expressed them, and jerked out again leaving a slighty awkward press corps behind him.

His distress did not abate during the month, and it was apparent to members of the NSC staff that, whatever else he thought of Cambodia, Nixon also saw it as a chance of restoring his slighted authority. 'Those Senators think they can push me around, but I'll show them who's tough,' he warned Kissinger after one Congressional appeal for caution. 'The liberals are waiting to see Nixon let Cambodia go down the drain just the way Eisenhower let Cuba go down the drain.' His belligerence was increased by another irrelevant factor. Early in April he had a private viewing of the film *Patton*, in which George C. Scott gives a compelling performance as the gifted, demagogic, lonely and naïve World War II general, who defied conventional restraints and risked everything to achieve a success in the Battle of the Bulge. The film appealed to Nixon's self-image, and he had a second showing as the Cambodian crisis deepened. William Rogers was dismayed to hear the President repeatedly citing *Patton* in this context, almost as he quoted his triumph over Alger Hiss during domestic troubles.

*By use of the Freedom of Information Act, Shawcross has uncovered intelligence appreciations which clearly were suppressed because they did not fit in with Nixon's preconceptions. On 21 April 1970, Nixon was briefed by Richard Helms, Director of the CIA:*

HELMS INFORMED the President and Kissinger that the North Vietnamese were now threatening Phnom Penh itself; this, Kissinger later confided to reporters, made Lon Nol's appeal for arms very poignant. What Helms did not say, either then or at any stage during the next week, was that he had just received a National Intelligence Estimate on the Cambodian situation. Entitled *Stocktaking in Indochina: Longer Term Prospects* and drafted by the CIA's Indochina specialists, the paper dealt with the implications of Sihanouk's removal. It considered that if Hanoi could be denied Cambodian sanctuary its strategy would be endangered. But there was no way this could be enforced by Lon Nol. It 'would require heavy and sustained bombing and large numbers of foot soldiers, who could be supplied only by the United States and South Vietnam. Such an expanded allied effort could seriously handicap the Communists and raise the cost to them of prosecuting the war, *but, however successful, it probably would not prevent them from continuing the struggle in some form*' (emphasis added).

Helms did not forward the memorandum to the White House. Instead, he sent it back to the Chairman of the CIA's National Estimates Board, Abbott Smith, with a handwritten note: 'Let's take a look at this on 1 June, and see if we would keep it or make certain revisions.' Helms has since declined to explain his coyness; one member of the Board testified later that the Director would have con-

## SIDESHOW — Part 2

**Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger and the Destruction of Cambodia* will be published in Britain next month by André Deutsch. William Shawcross reported from Indo-China and Washington, during the Nixon years, for the *Sunday Times* and the NEW STATESMAN. He has written biographies of Alexander Dubcek and Janos Kadar.

**George C. Scott as Patton in *Lust for Glory*: the tough, gifted, unconventional General appealed to Nixon's self-image.**



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sidered it 'most counterproductive' to send such a negative assessment to the White House, where he and the CIA had already encountered hostility. George Carver, Helms's Special Assistant for Vietnamisation Affairs, objected to this explanation of Helms's action, but inadvertently confirmed it; he testified that Helms thought it would be fatuous to send the estimate forward for although Helms knew Nixon was already planning an invasion, his analysts did not.

Carver's view is hardly coherent. The CIA Indochinese experts' ignorance of Nixon's desire to send troops into the sanctuaries freed them of political pressures and would have tended to make their conclusions more, not less, relevant. But such was the fear of the White House within the CIA that Nixon was deprived of the considered opinion of the specialists that invasion was unwise. Whether it would have had any influence must remain a matter of speculation,but the incident is illustrative of the way in which inconvenient views were suppressed.

*Announcing the invasion in an emotional broadcast, Nixon began with the lie that he had 'scrupulously respected' Cambodian neutrality till then. (Kissinger, co-author of the secret bombing described in last week's extract, repeated this falsehood in press briefings.)*

THE LAW was not relevant. Then, and subsequently, Nixon justified his action in terms of his responsibility as Commander in Chief to protect American troops, and he explained his refusal to consult Congress by citing Kennedy's secret moves at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. Afterward the White House asked the Justice Department to prepare a legal justification. The task fell to William Rehnquist, an assistant attorney general, whom Nixon later elevated to the Supreme Court. His arguments are not impressive. He asserted that the Commander in Chief clause of the Constitution was 'a grant of substantive authority' that allowed all Presidents to send troops 'into conflict with foreign powers on their own initiative.' In fact, the clause only gave the President such powers as the commanding officer of the armed forces would have had if he were not President. Rehnquist suggested that the invasion was only a very mild assertion of Presidential prerogative. . . .

The supreme Communist HQ at which the invasion was allegedly aimed was never found. The American troops plowed past its supposed site . . . and through the plantations and villages beyond. Commanders were astonished by the lack of opposition as their tanks smashed jagged swathes through the trees and as landing zones for helicopters were blasted clear. Communist troops were hardly to be seen.

The small town of Snuol became the first of scores of Cambodian towns to be destroyed by the war. Until the second squadron of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment arrived at its outskirts on 3 May, about two thousand people had lived quietly there, tapping rubber on the trees around. When the cavalry came under fire, their commander, Lieutenant Colonel Grail Brookshire, ordered his tank crews to fire their 90-mm guns straight into the town and called in airstrikes to discourage further resistance. After twenty-four hours of bombardment, Brookshire judged Snuol safe for his men, and the tanks moved into the centre. Only seven bodies could be seen, four of them Cambodian civilians. A small girl lay near the ruins of shops. When Brookshire was asked by reporters why the town had to be destroyed, he replied, 'We had no choice. We had to take it. This was a hub of North Vietnamese activity.'

**This woman was one of thousands left homeless when the Communists eventually took over; the shaded areas on the map illustrate the spread of B-52 targets.**

*Once Cambodia became a theatre of war, Lon Nol's regime began to crumble. Three remedies were proposed in Washington. The Defence Department wanted to rely on Cambodian troops to defend Phnom Penh, with some help from South Vietnam if required. The State Department agreed on backing Cambodian defence, but – cautiously – advised against South Vietnamese involvement. Kissinger, and the White House, chose a policy which declared Phnom Penh vital to US interests, to be defended by US airpower.*

THERE WERE fewer controls and restraints on targeting in Cambodia than in Vietnam. The South Vietnamese Air Force considered Cambodia an open field, and although most American pilots were, as a rule, more careful; several have testified that almost anything in Cambodia constituted a legitimate target. The original Menu strikes on the border sanctuaries ended, still a secret, in May. By now, Menu was a recognised procedure, not merely a geographic area. 'I would like to retain the Menu cover,' Defence Secretary Melvin Laird wrote. One of his aides subsequently explained that the Menu procedures required the military to ask Laird's approval for specific attacks and thus placed some control on the bombing. At the same time, however, it meant that the falsification of Cambodian bombing reports was now accepted as normal.

The main area of the new, extended bombing was known as Freedom Deal. Originally a box of Northeastern Cambodia between the border and the Mekong, it was gradually pushed southward and westward into more heavily populated areas as the fighting spread. Bombing outside Freedom Deal was reported as being inside, and bombing in populated areas inside as being in wild, uninhabited places. The misreporting meant that there was very little follow-up, or 'bomb damage assessment', after missions. In Saigon, little or nothing was known about the location and shifts of Cambodian villages, particularly in Khmer Rouge areas. At the same time, the battle zones of Cambodia were even more inaccessible to the press than those of Vietnam. Carelessness and callousness were easier to practise and tolerate.

. . . In 1973, when the Paris Peace Agreement prevented American bombing of first Vietnam and then Laos, the entire Seventh Air Force was switched back to Cambodia. All of this had more to do with political and organisational requirements in Washington and South Vietnam than with the military needs of the Lon Nol government. Until August 1973, when Congress brought the bombing to an end, hundreds of thousands of

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"You may gamble your money with pleasure on a horse. To do so on a wine is to back a loser."

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RED AND WHITE FRENCH WINE
VIN DE TABLE BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE
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bombs dropped by the American, South Vietnamese and Cambodian air forces on to Cambodia fell unreported and uncontrolled on areas occupied first by the North Vietnamese and then by the Khmer Rouge.

It could be argued that this use of air power constitutes a prima-facie case of breach of international law. Article 6 (b) of the Charter of the International Military Tribunal following World War II defined 'war crimes' as:

> violations of the laws or customs of war. Such violations shall include, but not be limited to, murder, ill treatment or deportation to slave labour for any other purpose of civilian population of or in occupied territory, murder or ill treatment of prisoners of war or persons on the seas, killing of hostages, plunder of public or private property, wanton destruction of cities, town or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity.

THE WHITE HOUSE ignored its agreement with Congress that the intensity of the bombing during the last forty-five days not be increased. In June, 5,064 tactical sorties were flown over Cambodia; in July this was raised to 5,818; and in the first half of August, 3,072 raids were flown. In those forty-five days, the tactical bombing increased by 21 per cent. The B-52 bombing also increased though those planes were already almost fully committed. By 15 August when the last American planes dropped their cargoes, the total tonnage dropped since Operation Breakfast was 539,129. Almost half of these bombs, 257,465 tons, had fallen in the last six months. (During the Second World War 160,000 tons were dropped on Japan.) On Air Force maps of Cambodia thousands of square miles of densely populated, fertile areas are marked black from the inundation.

The immediate and the lasting effects of that massive, concentrated bombardment will probably never accurately be known. The Air Force does not undervalue its contribution. The history of the activity of B-52s in the 43rd Strategic Wing, based in Guam, summarises those months:

> The enemy succeeded in partially isolating the Cambodian capital from the main lines of communications. . . . Some foreign observers were virtually convinced that the fall of Phnom Penh was expected to occur within a matter of days.
>
> Steady pounding by ARC LIGHT crews perhaps saved the day for Cambodia . . . ferocious B-52 bombing rained upon the enemy and kept the insurgents from amassing reinforcements and staging resupply activities. . . . (Then) the insurgents after achieving sizeable gains near the Cambodian capital, were beginning to disperse in mass numbers as ARC LIGHT strikes continually flushed them out.

GENERAL JOHN VOGT, the Seventh Air Force Commander, also speaks with pride today of 1973. The bombing, he says, saved Phnom Penh by killing about 16,000 of the enemy. It is important to consider the implications of this figure, even if, as is probable, it is exaggerated. About 75 of the Khmer Rouge's 175 battalions were put into the battle for Phnom Penh, and each battalion numbered some 340 men. This meant a force of about 25,500 attacking the capital. If most of Vogt's casualties were where the bombing was heaviest, on the city's approaches, then the Khmer Rouge would have lost well over half of its assault force. Even if one spreads the loss across the entire army, this means 25 per cent killed. There is a military rule of thumb, generally accepted by battle commanders, that units cannot sustain losses of more than 10 per cent without suffering often irreversible psychological damage.

That summer's war provides a lasting image of peasant boys and girls, clad in black, moving slowly through the mud, half-crazed with terror, as fighter bombers tore down at them by day, and night after night whole seas of 750-pound bombs smashed all around. Week after week they edged forward, forever digging in, forever clambering slippery road banks to assault government outposts, forever losing comrades and going on in thinner ranks through a landscape that would have seemed lunar had it not been under water. They pushed toward the enemy's capital, urged on by their commanders, a small group of hardened zealous men who had lived up to ten years in the isolation of the jungles, whose only experience of alliance was betrayal, whose only knowledge of war was massive retaliation.

For those men, 1973 confirmed a historic conviction that survival, let alone victory, could be guaranteed only by absolute independence and an astonishing fixity of purpose. They faced an enemy who at least appeared to have enormous support from his sponsor, while they themselves could not trust even their own leader, let alone their friends. Their attack upon Phnom Penh was a madness born of desperate isolation, which bred a dreadful hatred of their enemy and a contempt for the attitudes of the outside world. But for the bombing and their shortages of munitions they might have won the war that summer. As it was, the indifference of their allies and the assault upon them by the supporters of their enemy stamped out thousands upon thousands of them, and the survivors had neither the men nor the firepower for a final assault upon the capital when, after 15 August 1973, the rains reinherited the skies.

**NEXT WEEK: The end of Cambodia.**

**LAW AND ORDER 1**
**Ole Hansen**

What chance of justice for the Southall defendants?

# No help for the helpless

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY individual cases are now being processed by Brentford and Ealing magistrates court, in the aftermath of the Southall demonstrations on 22 and 23 April. More than 90 per cent of those arrested have been charged with summary offences (ie, they cannot elect for trial by jury). In practice, this means their access to effective legal representation is severely restricted – unless they can afford to pay for it themselves – and they have no right to know in advance the nature of the prosecution case against them.

But the problem is not confined to the Southall defendants: all magistrates courts follow the same procedure. Whenever a defendant applies for legal aid, it is entirely at the discretion of the magistrates to decide whether to grant it or not. First, the magistrates apply a means test; then, if the applicant is found to be sufficiently poor, they have to grant legal aid if they consider it 'in the interests of justice' that he or she should be represented. Some extra statutory guidance is given by the Home Office ('the Widgery Criteria') and the Legal Aid Act 1974 provides that any doubts the magistrates may have should be resolved in favour of the defendant. However, the discretion given to magistrates is so wide that it leads to enormous disparities between different courts. In London, for example, Highgate and Highbury Corner have been refusing (respectively) 47 and 42 per cent of all legal aid applications, compared with a London average of 13 per cent.

Brentford and Ealing court is near the top of the refusal league, with a consistent rate of 30 per cent over the last few years; but in the current Southall cases, it seems to have been applying an even more restrictive policy than usual. So far, only 15 individuals have been granted legal aid. What is more, the magistrates' decisions appear to be entirely random. Legal aid has already been refused in a number of serious cases. A juvenile charged with ABH (actual bodily harm) was thought to be in serious enough trouble to have a condition imposed on his bail that he should stay in a bail hostel, yet he was refused legal aid. Another juvenile facing three charges of assaulting the police and one of threatening behaviour was also turned down. There is no right of appeal against a refusal to grant legal aid, so magistrates can make their decisions without the risk of challenge.

EVEN IF a defendant manages to get legal aid, that is only half the battle. In the magistrates' court it is made very difficult for defence lawyers to prepare and present their case, because the prosecution is under no obligation to disclose any of its evidence before it reveals it in court. This means that the defence advocate must follow and take notes of the oral evidence as it is given, try to understand its significance and implications, consider the defendant's instructions and comments and prepare cross-examination – all in the course of the hearing. In the Southall cases, some of the incidents led to charges involving 50 people or more and there were vast numbers of witnesses.

Some of the defendants are likely to rely on alibis, but it is impossible to prepare an adequate alibi defence without knowing exactly where and when the offence is alleged to have occurred. The Metropolitan Police Solicitor's Department have so far refused to provide the defence lawyers with statements of prosecution witnesses and only in some instances have they grudgingly given a brief outline of the prosecution case. This despite pious pronouncements in the past, both from high court judges and from prosecutors, about the desirability of providing details of the prosecution evidence and copies of their witness statements. (Section 48 of the Criminal Law Act 1977 provides for the disclosure of prosecution evidence to the defence, but the necessary rules for this to be implemented have not yet been drawn up.)

As well as refusing to provide information, the police solicitors, with the apparent agreement of the court, have also turned down requests that the defendants be tried in



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## Interim Statement

**for the half year ended 30th April 1979**

| | Half Year to 30th April 1979 £m | % Increase | Half Year to 30th April 1978 £m | Year to 31st October 1978 £m |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Trading Receipts** | **321.9** | **19%** | 270.1 | 613.8 |
| **Trading Profit** | **26.1** | **32%** | 19.8 | 70.1 |
| Financial charges | **(6.9)** | | (7.4) | (14.6) |
| **Profit before Taxation** | **19.2** | **55%** | 12.4 | 55.5 |
| Taxation (estimated) | **(7.7)** | | (5.3) | (22.3) |
| **Profit after Taxation** | **11.5** | | 7.1 | 33.2 |
| Minority interest | **(0.3)** | | (0.2) | (1.5) |
| **Profit** (after taxation and minority interest) | **11.2** | **62%** | 6.9 | 31.7 |

Accounting policies are as stated in the last annual accounts.

The above profits are after charging depreciation of £8.1m (1978 £6.9m) and are before adjusting for currency translation differences.

The above figures are unaudited and include the half year's results for Colony Foods Inc., acquired in June, 1978. The 1978 results include the half year results of the Australasian hotel interests disposed of in May, 1978.

The greater part of the year's profit is produced in the second half of the financial year. The good start reported above is most encouraging and we again anticipate a successful outcome to the full year's trading.

The interim dividend has been increased to 2p per share (1978 adjusted for 1 for 1 scrip issue—1.425p) in respect of the year to 31st October, 1979 and this will be paid on 1st October, 1979 to shareholders on the register on 3rd September, 1979.

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groups, although this would have been a lot more efficient, since many witnesses will be giving evidence for more than one defendant. Instead, the court is sending cases to Barnet Magistrates' Court several miles away, where the defendants will be tried individually, adding to their feeling of isolation and making it more difficult for defence witnesses (of whom the vast majority live in Southall) to get to the court.

Police often bring charges of less severity than their allegations would support, so as to ensure that cases are heard in the magistrates' court. This is because magistrates have a deserved reputation for convicting more rapidly on the basis of police evidence than do juries. For the Southall defendants, the outlook is grim. One local magistrate has already indicated privately that the foremost consideration of the Brentford and Ealing court will be to affirm the primacy of 'law and order in the streets'.

The Southall Defence Committee is appealing for donations. It needs £100,000 to defend those who have not been granted legal aid. Send to Southall Defence Fund, c/o High Street, Southall, Middlesex

**LAW AND ORDER 2**
**Christopher Hitchens**

The hugger-mugger evolution of British riot police

# Sir David's flying wedge

LAST YEAR Sir David McNee became a *Grande Oficial* in the *Ordem do Infante D. Henrique,* and Inspector Rees captained the Middlesex Wanderers on their association football tour of South Korea. These and other distinguished bobby achievements take up four pages of the annual Metropolitan Police report. In bold contrast, the same report is very modest about the achievements of the Special Patrol Group, and of police officers carrying weapons. The SPG rates one third of a page, with a third of that taken up in denouncing 'ill-founded criticism from certain sections of the community'. Weapon training gets four lines, which tell us that 468 officers qualified in the use of firearms last year.

Very gradually, and without any Parliamentary vote or public consultation, we have acquired an armed police force and the nucleus of a CRS riot police. 'Certain sections of the community' are indeed worried about this, and probably an even wider group would be even more concerned if the subject were better discussed than it is. Sir David McNee, for all his blustering, is not anxious for this to happen. It used to be the case that the Special Patrol Group published figures on how many people it stopped, as well as how many it arrested. Here are the available findings.

| | stopped | arrested |
|---|---|---|
| 1972 | 41,980 | 3,142 |
| 1973 | 34,534 | 3,339 |
| 1974 | 41,304 | 3,262 |
| 1975 | 65,628 | 4,125 |
| 1976 | 60,898 | 3,773 |

Figures for convictions are not available, and the police in any case do not give them out. But a glance at the SPG's ratio of 'stops' to arrests makes it easy to understand why Sir David was so swift to discontinue the practice of issuing them. (Last year, the SPG made a record 2804 crime arrests and 1362 others. One wonders how many 'stops' were necessary to generate this new high.)

The statistics can only give a very indistinct impression of what an SPG 'presence' actually is. There is no method of tabulating the impact it can make on a picket line or on a public demonstration (one mentions these well-worn examples because the SPG has not as yet been used to swoop on the sanctions-busters, for instance, or those who lied to the Board of Trade in its City investigations). But we do know that, while other departments of policing are under strength, and at a time when the police publicly confess that it is of little use for citizens to bother them about burglaries, the SPG has three volunteers for every vacancy. Perhaps it is the unfortunate effect of too much television, but at any rate something about SPG membership seems to appeal to a certain type of copper.

Camera Press

**SPG in action**

THE ORIGINAL DESIGN of the SPG was a little less glamorous. It was intended to be a highly mobile reserve and support unit for those divisions which needed some crime-busting back-up. But by degrees it has shifted from this role to its now notorious one as a flying wedge to use on turbulent citizens.

What this has meant is an increasing contact with areas, such as race relations, industrial disputes and political manifestations, where the police are just not regarded as impartial. The National Front are certainly boasting when they claim to have extensive support among policemen of all ranks, but it is a rare policeman who does not regard the visible element in these things – the picket, the black youth or the demonstrator – as 'the problem'. If political acumen was common among policemen, we would not have a Commissioner like McNee, who recently told an editorial conference at the *Guardian* office that his force was 'as racially prejudiced as the society from which it is drawn'. That assumption (which must multiply the number of presumed criminals in police ranks for a start) would not surprise some of those who have been on the business end of an SPG operation.

Defenders of the SPG might argue that society is getting to be more violent and dangerous, and that a bit of extra muscle doesn't come amiss. The danger with this kind of argument is that it is open-ended, and leads to coshes being found in lockers. (How confident of their immunity from ordinary discipline the un-named SPG members concerned must have felt.) More than this, it also leads to cowboy tactics and behaviour better suited to Starsky and Hutch. Two young Pakistanis entered India House with toy pistols in February 1973 to protest about Pakistani prisoners of war. Within a few minutes of the arrival of the SPG, on a scene which cried out loud for Dixon of Dock Green, the two youths were shot dead. Efficient?

Some of the best researched criticism of the Special Patrol Group has come from immigrant and black organisations to whom the experience of being rousted by uniformed men is a common one*. But these often make the mistake of looking upon the SPG as a force for the specific repression of coloured people. In truth, the SPG does seem to take a special delight in visiting areas of what is sometimes called 'high immigrant concentration'. Their battle honours in Brixton, Lambeth, Hackney and Notting Hill are second to none, and they are well remembered by the locals for their visits.

Indeed, one is bound to wonder whether

* *Police Against Black People, Institute of Race Relations. 247/249 Pentonville Road, London N1. 95p.*



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the two intruders at India House would be dead if they had been white. But concern about the militarisation of our police should not be confined to the Left and the minorities. The slow emergence of a CRS encourages authoritarians regardless of race, colour or creed. And, like the huge increase in armed policemen, it has been done in an oblique, hugger-mugger fashion. So far, the Metropolitan Police SPG is a small force – no more than 204 officers strong. But in the provinces there are many smaller carbon copies, with fewer newspapers to observe them, and even closer ties between the police and the local well-to-do establishment. The Anderton mentality needs watching, and those who used to regard criticism of the police as a subversive tactic in itself must now be taking alarm.

If the number of 'bad apples' in the SPG correlates in any way with the number of 'bad apples' among the people they 'stop' (i.e. never less than ten to one and sometimes more) we are in trouble. Under a Conservative government there is next to no chance that any real check on the 'forces of law and order' will be allowed. So one day we will have our fully-fledged, gun-toting, dark-glasses-wearing riot police, seen reflected through a perspex shield. Don't you think we might have been asked?

**PHILIP KLEINMAN**

# Ideas before breakfast

NOTHING BETTER denotes the dynamic faith which our brave new Government has in the coming regeneration of industry than the knighthood awarded in the Queen's Birthday Honours to Tom Tat, chairman of British Knick-Knacks.

Carpers and cavillers, particularly those mean-spirited ones on the Left, have lost no time pointing out that BK has not exactly come through the past year with flying colours. Its share of the home markets has continued to decline, and even in the vital canned London fog sector, which it dominated for so long, it has yielded leadership. More London fog is now canned in fact by National Oddments, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Japanese Rubishi Corporation, than by BK. The latter's labour troubles have been well publicised, and the general impression has been that Tat himself was losing his grip.

Sir Thomas, as I feel I can already call him, chuckled merrily when I rang him at his Mayfair home to ask how he reacted to the criticisms. 'My boy', he said in a voice which sounded ten years younger than when I last spoke to him, before the General Election, 'they are quite right. Or rather they were quite right. Things have changed. Everything has changed.' He invited me to continue the interview over breakfast the next day at the Connaught. This in itself was a surprise, since for quite some time nobody, but I mean nobody, had seen Sir Thomas before lunch. When we met he looked like a new man.

'Liberation', he declared between large mouthfuls of kedgeree. 'Perry Worsthorne is right, that's the word. The élite has been set free. And I can tell you it does wonders for the appetite.'

'What about BK, Sir Thomas?'

'BK', he replied, 'has turned the corner. Or rather it is about to turn the corner. There's nothing works like a good old-fashioned financial incentive.'

'Has it made a difference to you personally, Sir Thomas?'

'Difference? I'll say. Just the prospect of £200 a week more in my pocket has got the old juices flowing and the brain working in a way it hasn't since I was a youngster. I'll admit I was getting tired before. But now I jump out of bed at five every morning and I have ten ideas before I'm even dressed. Same goes for my junior directors. As you know, we've had a problem keeping them. Lost two a few months ago to Deutsche Dreck-Industrie and one to Les Conneries Françaises. It wasn't just the money, it was the whole atmosphere. Bolshy unions. Price Commission.

'Now we're all rarin' to go. We've got several new projects all ready for launching.'

'Anything in particular you can tell me about, Sir Thomas?'

'Well, we've got a product that's going to make London Fog a back number. It's canned Spirit of the New Age. It'll sell at a premium price, but our market research indicates that the potential is just enormous. They'll be buying it like hot cakes all over the country, and we think there'll be big sales overseas as well.'

'That's good news indeed. I imagine the unions will be pleased too about the boost to employment?'

'Hmm, not really. We're actually thinking of closing down our factory in Wapping. Can't get any co-operation from the shop stewards there. Worse than it's ever been. Putting in for a 30 per cent rise, bonuses for handling new equipment. You name it, they're asking for it.'

'So Spirit of the New Age . . .'

'Spirit of the New Age will be canned abroad. Some in Hong Kong. But we're also hoping to buy a new plant in Luxembourg. Exchange control relaxation should help.

'If the deal goes through we'll probably switch production of quite a number of lines to the Continent. Union Jack umbrellas, plastic bowler hats, mugs with pictures of Maggie Thatcher on them, Maggie shopping bags, Maggie key rings, Maggie ash trays. Our sales people believe there's going to be a boom in Maggieana this year throughout Europe, and we can't risk any hold-up in deliveries.'

'All in all, then, Sir Thomas, you see a bright future ahead?'

'Oh God, yes. Mind you, there is one thing that would help the economy no end, and I'm sorry it wasn't in the Budget – but then we all know what a wet Geoffrey Howe is, I haven't forgotten how he used to lecture us about a sense of responsibility when he was Prices Secretary. Mercifully Maggie's made of sterner stuff and she gives him a boot up the backside when he needs it. Perhaps she'll make him put it in his next Budget.'

'Put what in, Sir Thomas?'

'Oh, tax relief for business entertainment, of course. Here, have another helping of kedgeree.'


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# London Diary

☐ In 1877, William Morris addressed the Trades Guild of Learning in London. 'I do not want art for the few, no more than I want education for the few. Art should exist for people who have not been brought up to believe that Art is above them.' It was, therefore, with some surprise that I was refused entrance to Kelmscott Manor in the Thames Valley, where Morris set up his press, sorted out Chaucer, and tried to cope with Janie and all the other pre-Raphaelites. Sharing my disconsolate position outside the dovecote was a young American student. She had walked three miles from Lechlade just to pay homage to the Master.

'There is a notice on the gate', said a stern lady from the Society of Antiquaries, to whom Morris's daughter had left the Manor. 'It states quite clearly that if people wish to visit they have to give three weeks' notice.' This is obviously a little tough on tourists. The manor is opened only six times during the year, between April and September. 'Why are you complaining?', the Antiquarian lady asked. 'Surely you must realise that this is private property and you can't just turn up out of the blue?'

The saddest thing is that the present owner, Mr. A. Dufty, is an architect, former Master of the Armouries at the Tower of London and directly responsible for the restoration of Kelmscott Manor. As the incumbent, and chairman of the board, could he not make it more available?

☐ Times are bad at *The Times*, as most – but not all – of us know. Last week a Colonel Blimp-like figure turned up at Wards in Chorley Wood, demanding a *Telegraph*. They were fresh out. 'No matter, I'll take *The Times*' he said. Moral: take the *Daily Telegraph* and be well-informed.

☐ The men working on the NEW STATESMAN cannot be described as sartorially elegant. On the whole, they are scruffy – to such an extent that there is a communal office tie, used by all and sundry if an impression has to be made in circles where ties matter. Imagine, then, the schizophrenic response when the tailors, Denman & Goddard, approached them with their Executive Clothing Plan. The idea is that, instead of buying suits, the executive hires them for a mere £50 a year, the initial sum of £500 being paid by his employers who can set it off against corporation tax. 'If, as an alternative, the firm were to pay an identical sum of £400 direct to the executive by way of extra salary, he would be left with a maximum of £268 after tax – which would be quite inadequate to buy the suits.'

So far, response has not been ecstatic. 'Modest, but interesting' Michael Goddard, managing director of the tailoring firm, put it. 'Ten years ago, when there was a general feeling of prosperity, no-one would have bothered. But the rot set in, and people have given up snobbery in favour of a bargain. I've had only one complaint about "tax-dodging" – from a nobleman, a supporter of the Labour Party. I won't tell you his name, but he said it was highly immoral. Why? It's perfectly legal.' The scruffy NEW STATESMAN lot have still not decided whether to expose the plan ('I name the guilty *Sartor Resartus*') or to join in. We shall see.

☐ At the risk of offending puritanical NS readers who object to my references to vodka and stiletto heels in the Austrian Tyrol, I cannot resist recounting the tale told by a Turkish doctor last week. He was on a visit to London with his wife and three children. Visiting friends for dinner, he was overcome by the joys of Glenlivet and persuaded his wife, a teetotaller, to try some. He then thought it a good idea to introduce his children to the idea of single malt. Not surprisingly, he was stopped by police on the way back to his hotel. He was breathalysed green, as was his wife. 'Nonsense' he said, 'my wife doesn't drink. There must be something wrong with your machine. Try it on the children.' The children were tested, and also pronounced green. Totally flummoxed, the police apologised, and told him to go his own way. 'Beautiful country', he said, 'take a few kids with you, stuff them up with single malt and you'll be all right.'

☐ With the green pound getting verdigris and VAT running out of control, it is good to know that the vicar of St. Catherine's, Neasden, is taking a firm moral stand. Wisely ignoring St. Matthew's injunction to render unto Caesar and all that, the Rev. E. E. Gaunt has taken it upon himself to guide his parishioners into a true political awareness. 'Personally speaking, and politics apart', he writes in his latest parish magazine, 'I believe that Mrs Thatcher has the ability, the intellect and steel-like determination to bring about the measures necessary to stop the rot in our national life.' Still speaking unpolitically Mr. Gaunt then goes on to tell his flock that the new government has been given a mandate by the people 'to curb drastically the power of the unions and to take more positive measures to fight crime, rather than be controlled by various militant groups of power-mad, greedy, semi-literate anarchists.'

Not content with political insight, the Rev. Gaunt then goes into sociology. There are those, he argues, who claim, that crime is no worse than it has ever been. 'I am not at all persuaded by these arguments. Indeed, if crime has always been this bad, that is no reason for not taking measures to deal with it.' The idea that severe punishment might be regarded as socially regressive 'may be all very well as fine sentiments, but sentiments are nothing more than irritating when society is faced with an acute situation of criminal activity.' Mr Gaunt is a worried man. 'When a rainy day means a poor congregation at Christ's Holy Table, or when Ash Wednesday or Ascension Day are given so little place, then what hope is there?' Well may he ask. I suppose, as a last resort, we could all emigrate to Neasden.

☐ Hampstead Heath is burning yet again. 'It's more like the Central Committee under Stalin than old Hampstead', disgruntled a member at the annual general meeting of the Heath and Old Hampstead Society. Mrs Peggy Jay, chairman of the society, does not look like Stalin, but her opponents – who accuse her of suppressing the sub-committee's report on Hampstead Heath (known as HAG, for Hampstead Action Group) – see her in that light. 'It's not just that she's in favour of the growing "parkification" of the Heath, she deliberately suppressed our report', said a member of the sub-committee. Indeed, Mrs Jay stonily fielded all attacks on the Heath clearances: a heath, she asserted, was originally grazed by sheep which ate everything apart from gorse – consequently the 'sacred bush' of the Heath Society. The sub-committee wants to keep the Heath wild – even if it means twenty or so corpses rotting away under unmown grasses. A suggestion that the wild sub-committee should be dissolved was not carried. 'Thank God', someone said, 'we can all go on living dangerously.'

**Ruth Hall**

# This England

**Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ Royal dress designer Hardy Amies, explaining why he decided to diversify into bathroom wares: 'In this country the bath is a place where you relax and read the *Tatler*.' *Daily Express* (Tom Laurence)

☐ A man armed with a 12-bore shotgun and accompanied by six other men went looking for 'a fair fight' at a rival's home, a court heard. When the rival stood his ground clutching a rolling pin, he was blasted from a distance of four feet, an Old Bailey Judge was told. – *The Mercury* (Jad Adams)

☐ A £1 million leisure centre to be built at Grantham, Lincs, is to include a room for hooligans to carry out their rowdy activities. – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

☐ The illiterate use of apostrophe is widespread, growing and probably irremediable. In my view those official and commercial organisations which fail to use apostrophes in notices and posters should be heavily fined. – *Rochdale Observer* (Joan Witham)

☐ 'The witty slings and arrows of Aneurin Bevan; the intellectual argument of Hugh Gaitskell; the chilling but honest knuckle-rapping of Stafford Cripps; the fire, passion and wit of Lloyd-Geroge and Winston Churchill and, more recently, the urbane and wise repartee of Harold MacMillan; these,' said Mrs Burniston, 'were the very stuff of a democratic constitution.' – *Guardian* (Jane Polar)

☐ One of Mr. Bryant's parishioners, Mr. Geoffrey Smith, said he disagreed with his vicar's views. 'Copmanthorpe,' he told the meeting' 'is largely a very nice, middle-class place with a lot of largely very nice middle-class folk who don't often talk from the heart.' – *Yorkshire Evening Press* (J. R. Morrison)

☐ Time was when you weren't allowed into the Royal Enclosure if you were divorced. 'That rule was abolished years ago,' says Ann Ainscough at the Ascot Office in St. James's Palace' 'and it only referred to guilty parties. You were allowed in if you were innocent.' Miss Ainscough has one of the most socially important jobs in Britain. – *Radio Times* (Patrick Newman)

☐ 'We don't supply smoky-room Soho-type girls. This will be a straightforward Sunday lunch strip. It is not disgusting. The girl takes off her clothes and that is that. You could take your wife to it.' – *Sunday Telegraph* (J. Gammow)

☐ And he was also told that the line 'My period has started. I need to get something' would be 'offensive to middle-class ladies.' – *Bradford Telegraph and Argus* (D. C. Edbury)

☐ Christian Tree Surgeon seeks working partner, fit young person, Christian, for tree work in area. – Ad in *Kentish Times* (Sheila Jones)



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# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## Failures of the Tate

*Sir*, The Prince Regent in Chinese robes at the opening of his Pavilion was asked by his incredulous mother why he did not let himself off with all the other fireworks. Now that the opening of the new wing of the Tate Gallery has been signalled with a visit by the Queen and Mr Piper's specially designed firework display, we might pause for reflection on the role of the artist in English society, the character of the Tate Gallery during the past two decades, and the direction of this popular institution in the future.

English artists are denied any role in our society other than those connected with private creation, survival, and teaching. Our urban planning committees, if we still have any, pay no attention to artists whose aesthetic insights and humanism could have averted all the blunders of past decades. In 1956, I walked along Piccadilly and across the Circus with S. W. Hayter, one of the formative geniuses of modern art, and I remember his accurate comments on the weak design and poor colour of the neon lighting flashing across the buildings around us. Hayter said that he had always longed to design coloured lighting around an entire building, but had never been given the chance to do so. If he and others had been commissioned to illuminate the faceless exteriors of the execrable big buildings which litter our city, central London would at least have been transformed nocturnally into a place of startling beauty. I admire Mr Piper's best designs and wish him well, but his firework display, admittedly a *pièce d'occasion*, is no recompense for the way in which our artists are neglected: as unused publicly as the rest of our native imagination.

For many years, the Tate has been too painful a place to visit for those of us seriously concerned with the art of this century, and its interpretation for a public that, visually, is predominantly illiterate. Lack of space has been no excuse for over-crowded, poorly lit galleries in which good works of art have been jostled by would-be *chic* jokes, expensively purchased, and flaccid exercises in basic design, also costly, by untalented practitioners. Many fine English painters and sculptors are still unrepresented in the collections; others are inadequately represented and thus misrepresented. But the naive parochial ignorance behind the successive 'arrangements' of paintings and sculptures has been notably daunting to the more educated eyes of other visitors who understand the Tate's economic and spatial difficulties and who strive, nonetheless, to maintain good will for its future. The appearance of the galleries would have disgraced any decent provincial department store. One almost expected to find the sign 'also in other colours' over each exit.

There is now some modest improvement, but it is not enough; and the real issues remain, to be decided in the future. How can a single institution, with even an adequate extension – which the new wing is not – hope to house and brilliantly present (1) British art in all its diversity from its early beginnings right through to the present day; (2) the masterworks of the 20th century from Cézanne, Van Gogh, Monet and Seurat, Picasso, Matisse, Leger and Braque, Mondrian, Klee, etc, through to Pollock, Rothko, Moore, Bacon, Sutherland and Nicholson, etc; and (3) a definitively 'existential' Museum of Modern Art which should also present works of art, architecture, design of all kinds, film and photography, within revealingly didactic and relevant contexts, as well as providing us with large arenas for performances and exhibitions? All this activity under one roof is clearly impossible and efforts to keep several different balls spinning in the air, metaphorically speaking, only cause public confusion or trivialise serious issues. So far, there is no sign whatever of future clarification.

The reason for the lack of clarification in the collections resides, I believe, in a failure in imaginative insight caused by fear of losing any vestige of power. When Henry Moore and others welcomed two years ago the possibility of a Turner Museum at Somerset House, there were instant and vociferous protests from the Tate. But no serious student of Turner can get any idea of our greatest painter's achievement without complicated legwork between the Tate, the BM, the V and A and the National Gallery. There are still 19,000 watercolours lodged at the BM which hardly ever see the light of day; and it is still impossible for the Tate and the National Gallery to present the entire range of the rest of Turner's Bequest to the nation – his oil paintings. He requested in his will that this immense legacy should be kept together; his Bequest is still dispersed, its terms dishonoured. What is the matter with us? Why do we ignore our artists? Throughout the gala evening at the Tate, all the artists were restrained behind a rope barrier. When the Queen goes to a football match, she meets the players; at horse races she is introduced to the horses; but at the Tate HM met only the management, the trustees and the social cruisers.

All that we can do now is to hope that the Tate's future Director – for whom, it is hoped, there is this time a genuine search – will have the strength of mind to disentangle the muddle. The Whitney Museum of American Art is a model of native concentration: our artists deserve the same consideration. The best of them would naturally take their place also in any modern museum with high standards. The Tate's appearance and its public utterances in recent years make it imperative for a new Director to clear the air, in all ways. For Mr Hockney to attack the Tate in detail as he did recently in print seemed, given the scale of the problems, as ineffectual if idealistic as the gesture of throwing handfuls of stones at the Ark Royal as the carrier is towed away for demolition. Nobody wants to demolish the Tate, but as an institution it is in need of radical reconstruction and re-dedication.

BRYAN ROBERTSON

*73 Barnsbury Street*
*London N1*

## Robert Markham writes

*Sir*, May I discuss Christopher Hitchens's flatteringly hostile account of my *New York Review of Books* article (NS 8 June)?

It was careless of me to misdate the article in which you 'revealed' that Mrs Thatcher's standing as a meritocrat was fraudulent because her father left £8,000. But the article would still have been just about as silly whenever it had come out, wouldn't it?

I suppose I should have made clearer what is and was clear to all, that of course Labour candidates tended to get in however vilely Lefty they were, provided their seats were safe enough, and that of course it was in the marginals that the Lefties more than others tended to be defeated. What else could I have meant?

I very much doubt if I ever 'called every criticism of American foreign policy tantamount to treason'. You see, if a bit of American (or British) foreign policy is pro-Western I support it, naturally, but if it's anti-Western, like the Young-Owen line on Rhodesia, I attack it. I know there are plenty of people in the West who behave in exactly the opposite way.

Your contributor's misrepresentation of what I wrote about Ulster is more thorough. I said not that that province is *as British* as Piccadilly Circus, but, slowly spelling it out as my main point, that it is *as much a part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland* as Piccadilly Circus. Mr. Hitchens may regard Great Britain and the United Kingdom as entirely interchangeable expressions, but he would have to be ignorant and foolish to do so, and he's neither. What he is (as your distinguished contributor Robert Markham put it in an expression perhaps better suited to its place on the competition page) is a little Lefty fart.

KINGSLEY AMIS

*Gardnor House*
*Flask Walk*
*London NW3*

*Christopher Hitchens adds:* I think I've got it now. Ulster is part of the UK in the same way as Rhodesia is part of the West. And I happily accept all of Kingers' apologies on matters of fact – even if he has managed to introduce some new mistakes in the process.

## Post Office's new markets

*Sir*, Duncan Campbell's coverage (NS 8 June) of the security of employment agreement recently negotiated between the Post Office Engineering Union and the Post Office was welcome, but wrong to state 'The POEU acknowledges that to some extent the modernisation and expansion strategy may export job losses from within the Post Office to other work places'. The POEU has produced and published probably the most comprehensive and detailed study of new technology on a union's membership. As this study, *The Modernisation of Telecommunications*, makes clear, this Union believes that the modernisation of our national telecommunications network is essential to the full development of new markets associated with the electronic office, electronic mail and electronic funds transfer and that these markets will present new employment opportunities for both the Post Office and private industry.

We want the Post Office to win as big a share of these growing markets as possible and of course it will be in competition with private enterprise. However, British manufacturing companies are likely to benefit since the Post Office will market and maintain products supplied by them. The real competition, especially in office equipment markets, will be with foreign multi-nationals. As a trade union, the POEU cannot solve the employment problems of workers outside our own union, but certainly we have no intention of making such problems worse.

ROGER DARLINGTON
*Assistant Research Officer*
*Post Office Engineering Union*
*150 Brunswick Road, London W5*

## Happy volunteers

*Sir*, Fifty years ago, we too went out like Voluntary Service Overseas 'to help the ruling elite rather than the poor' (NS 1 June). But it was not, as RVA complain, a political act, but a religious one. Our way to help the poor was to give their leaders a sense of vocation and duty, so that when they came to exert authority it would help their poor.

Forty years on, I went back to visit old boys and found them not sleek, self-seeking voluptuaries, but slim, hard-working and dutiful servants of their country. 'I always remember,' said one, 'the college prayer – "to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to ask for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will." '

If we had any unhappiness it was in leaving a country with which, being young, we had fallen in love, to such an extent that we have scanned the papers ever since for any scrap of news of it. Incidentally, although on the whole we taught those who could pay, the church has always been an avenue to the highest service to any who sought to 'do their duty in that state of life to which it *shall* please God to call me.'

HUGH ALEXANDER

*Keinton Mandeville*
*Somerset*

## Still functioning

*Sir*, In an article headed 'Need for a new school book strategy' (NS 1 June) Rick Rogers says: 'Ironically, Buckinghamshire and Nottinghamshire are planning to abolish their school library services.' Nottinghamshire's school library services are all currently functioning, and there are no plans to abolish the services. You will wish to make this clear to your readers.

CAROL MINKLEY
*Chairman of Education Committee*
*Nottinghamshire County Council*
*Nottingham*



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**FIRST PERSON**
**Arthur Marshall**

# Pleasantly situated

Strange as it may seem, there were quite a lot of advantages, in which I do not include being on the receiving end of showers of bombs, attached to wartime residence in London. The city was, for one thing, relatively and understandably empty. Few who didn't actually need to remain, remained. One seldom had to stand in tube trains, and buses, fearlessly driven through the worst of the blitzes, had seats. Taxis too circulated dauntlessly in the black-out, together with, I am informed, other conveniences that ply for hire by night. Hitler arranged for everybody, it is true, noisy and disastrous moments but in general a mood of quiet acceptance reigned. There was no need to book a table at a restaurant and, with the cost of a meal limited by law to 5/-, if memory serves, you could eat at upper-crust establishments not normally on your visiting list. Accommodation was cheap and you could stay in hotels well beyond your ordinary peacetime range and thus it was that I put up, on occasion and on leave from elsewhere, at the Ritz, the Savoy and Claridges, though please do not imagine that I say this in any boastful spirit. It could happen to anybody. And there was a further pleasure. Residence in these delightful hotels, all of which were carrying on in a splendidly defiant style, enabled one to offer hot water and baths to friends who, braving the bombs and bangs in private houses or flats, had often had their water or gas cut off, or both, and welcomed a good scrub. If the hotel managements noticed these additional strains on their resources, they were kind enough not to mention it.

Although it was a great enjoyment to stay in the de luxe and above-mentioned establishments, I have had all my life a passion for putting up at every kind of hotel, no matter how humble or run down. There is always something to fascinate one and catch the eye – the proprietress's proudly jutting bosom and careful tones, a fly-blown and faded photograph of Kitchener in a lavatory, the only waiter's soup-stained bags, a bust of Beethoven in the hallway, the splendidly hideous and uncomfortable furnishings in the first-floor drawing-room (Residents Only). There is, too, the happy moment of arrival, the loud coughing to attract attention at the desk, the signing of one's name just below that of Major Tregunter-Jones whom one is later going to meet in the bar ('No old man, this is my shout'), and the receptionist saying, on seeing that you have some luggage to be carried up, 'I'll just ring for Leonard'. A bell peels and after a minute or so of silence and inactivity, the receptionist heaves her top half over the desk, stares into the hotel's hinterland and calls sharply, 'Len!'. I sometimes find myself nowadays in large modern hotels (268 rooms, all with bath) and I note that here it is often assumed at the reception desk that one's stay is going to be paid for, and would to God it were, by some important concern that is holding a convention there ('Excuse me, but are you with Hoggitt and Bumfield or Crowther and Twitch?') and one has hurriedly to deny the flattering suggestion that one is something big in big business and a name to conjure with in the world of jute.

The first London hotel that I ever entered was, as it happens, the Savoy, though it was only for dinner. It was towards the end of the first world war, September 1918, and my parents had decided on what was then called 'a binge', the Zeppelin menace being over and the dreaded Boche about to be on the run. Dinner first and then a theatre. I was eight-years-old and my excitement must have been alarming to behold. A dear old Number 9 bus conveyed us from Barnes to the Strand and we sat in the Savoy restaurant and gazed out over the Thames while we drank some soup or other and ate grilled soles and, of course, ices. And then (and I bless my parents to this day for their choice, and indeed for countless other things) we went to a revue called *Tails Up* at the Comedy Theatre and I got my first sight, though very far from the last, of those two matchless performers, Jack Buchanan and Phyllis Monkman, both great stars whose charm and expertise in song, dance and comic sketch were unsurpassed. One must not, I suppose, raise a scornful lip at the frenzied and displeasing (such dreadful grimaces) antics of some modern musical pop people and I will merely state that in the days of which I speak, stars were proper stars and had earned their stardom the hard way and knew their business. And then, six years later, we positively stayed at a hotel, the Tavistock in the very heart of Covent Garden (rattles of carts and bangs and shouts and vegetable smells from 4 am on) and went to another revue, *By-The-Way* at the Apollo with the Hulberts in it, stars indeed.

Then came eight years, on and off, at the imposing Hotel Russell in Russell Square and within spitting distance, if you'll forgive the phrase, of those Bloomsbury figures whom recent and really excessive over-exposure has turned into, for some of us, such appalling bores. I had acquired an Austin Seven, than which no mini is minier, and driving it bravely and inexpertly from Cambridge to London, Southampton Row and the Hotel Russell were the furthest that I dared to penetrate into the capital. It was a splendid piece of luck for me. Solid comfort lay behind those welcoming doors and for 13/6 one had bed and a lavish breakfast suitable for an ex-undergraduate aged 21 (porridge, kippers, egg and bacon and 'can I have some more toast, please?'). A special desk in the hall booked you theatre seats. Taxis could be whistled up from outside. This was, one felt, the life and, dressed up to what I assumed to be the nines, one went the pace I can tell you. How sadly ludicrous one must have looked and how disagreeably demanding one must have seemed to the hotel servants.

We now have the reactions to guests of at least one such hotel servant in Anthony Masters' *Inside Marbled Halls* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £7.95), a pleasing biography of Mary Shiffer from Dublin who arrived at the Hyde Park Hotel in 1916 and who stayed for nearly 60 years. Shunting between the still-room and the restaurant and endlessly cutting bread-and-butter, she swiftly became a loved 'character' and it was fashionable for royalty and lesser persons to drop in on her for a chat (at a silver wedding party, she danced the conga with Geoge VI). The royal entrance (on the Park) had limited accommodation and possessed no ladies' lavatory and Queen Mary had, on her visits, to make do with a commode to which a curtseying Mary conducted her as and when necessary. You never knew who might not be staying. One minute it was Gustav of Sweden, and the next Rico of Denmark. The Sultan of Zanzibar arrived with, among other companions, 12 goats who had to be milked on the first floor and who forgot themselves all over everywhere (something to do with his religion, I dare say). There was Kosygin's visit when the Russian Secret Service checked everything in sight, 'even my coffee urn. I was furious'. And there were the second world war and unexploded bombs and victory celebrations. How splendid of Mr Masters to preserve for us the joyous pronouncement put out by the Board of Trade on 7 May 1945:

> Until the end of May you may buy cotton bunting without coupons, as long as it is red, white or blue and does not cost more than one and three a square yard.

Earning originally £2 a month, and firmly referring to Italian waiters as Macaronis, Mary's crisp vignettes are illuminating. Queen Mary ('She never said anything that wasn't ordinary'). Evelyn Waugh ('Moody and often very rude'). Bette Davis ('Looking very smouldering'). Lady Docker ('She had a kind of child-like wonder'). Débutantes' balls ('A cattle market in full swing'). Then there was Rosa Lewis ('That God-awful woman'), apt to breeze up to ancient dukes with a merry cry of 'How's the old water works these days?'.

Mary (now dead, alas) finally retired at the age of 85, glad to have been of service ('I helped them all, didn't I? I helped them all'). I doubt if they make them like that any more. 'This brand has now been discontinued.'

**Roger Woddis**

## White carpet

Welcome to Britain
From sunny South Africa!
Know, Mr Botha, how warmly we feel.
That goes for both of us –
I am Lord Carrington.
This fellow? Oh, he's the Lord Privy Seal.

How are you, Prime – ?
Silly me! – *Foreign* Minister.
(Very confusing, your names both the same).
Let's see, you're 'Pik' –
Am I right? – he's P.W. –
Sad about Muldergate, no-one's to blame.

Lovely to have you,
And how is Pretoria?
What can we do for you, now that you're here?
Put on a Press gag
To deal with unpleasantness?
Make a few dangerous types disappear?

Look how the crowds
Are all waving to welcome you.
What have they got on their banners? Let's see:
'Go home, you hangman' –
A term of endearment.
We do have a droll sense of humour.
More tea?



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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Terence Ranger

# Rhodesia – the Propaganda War

In Rhodesia-Zimbabwe there have been two wars going on – one the war of bullets and bombs, the other the war of press reports, pamphlets and books. In both the balance of forces is relatively even. In the war of pamphlets the liberation movement possesses most of the intellectual and academic resources; the Rhodesian government controls the machinery of suppression and censorship, while its black nationalist allies include some prolific book-writing men.

It is the Rhodesian government's control of censorship which has shaped what we are told about Rhodesia. From June 1977 it has been an offence for anyone to communicate or publish any report likely to cause alarm and despondency, irrespective of its truth. From January 1978 the Rhodesian press has been prohibited from making any reference to the war other than publication of material contained in official communiqués, court proceedings or debates in parliament. All material on the war designed for publication overseas has to be cleared with Combined Operations. Overseas reporters have been banned from most of the tribal trust lands. Journalists all too often write stories about Rhodesia without reminding their readers what little opportunity they have enjoyed for discovering the truth about the war.

The Rhodesian government has also been able to reap propaganda victories from a calculated relaxation of controls. For the April elections all censorship on overseas reporters was lifted; army escort was provided so that they could travel into remote corners of the rural areas. Some 'travelled the length and breadth of Rhodesia' during the election week. None of this was much of a gamble for the government. The reporters were there to observe elections. They had little time to inquire into what had been going on in the rural areas for the last two or three years and, escorted as they were by soldiers and police, they can have found few African informants prepared to confide in them. A recently published American survey of events in *Rhodesia-Zimbabwe, 1971-77* is said by its publishers to be based on the 'careful selection of information from the world's most reliable news sources – the top newspapers, radio monitoring services, news agencies, business magazines, periodicals and official press releases'. Unfortunately, so far as Rhodesia is concerned, 'the world's most reliable news sources' are not reliable enough.

But if the regime has been able to shape what others write about it, it has been less successful in generating credible propaganda material itself. There has flourished in Southern Africa a genre of anti-'terrorist' war book, but these have not made any impact on the international market. The gut emotional support for our white 'kith and kin' which is so widely felt in Britain is difficult to translate into convincing or respectable intellectual argument. This being so, the alliance which Ian Smith has made with the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole and Bishop Abel Muzorewa has brought to the defence of the regime some much-needed intellectual sophistication.

Sithole has been, after all, the foremost literary exponent of Zimbabwean cultural nationalism. For him the enunciation of the word has long been the most significant of political acts. In and out of prison he has written theoretical statements of African nationalist philosophy, biographical accounts of middle-rank nationalist activists, novels of traditional culture. In 1977, the year before he joined in the internal settlement, Sithole had published two books militantly hostile to the Smith regime, *Roots of a Revolution* and *Frelimo Militant*, the first a novel of the open mass nationalist period, the second a biographical study of a Mozambiquan activist. Radical critics have discerned in these two books – perhaps in rather a historicist way – indications of the attitudes which have carried Ndabaningi Sithole into the internal settlement. *Roots of a Revolution* glorifies a hero whose main claim to leadership lies in high education and debating skill and it is full of scenes in which this thinly disguised Sithole discomforts and astonishes white interlocutors. *Frelimo Militant* can be said to transpose Frelimo from a radical secular liberation movement into an expression of cultural nationalism. But these books were published and received at the time as part of the counter-attack on the Rhodesian government's propaganda war. The prospect of these books circulating freely inside Rhodesia is a piquant one, but Sithole's defection to the internal settlement is disconcerting in literary as well as in political terms.

For Sithole himself, however, as for his critics, there is no inconsistency. His effectiveness as a propagandist for the internal settlement regime springs from his capacity to argue that it is consistent both with the Zimbabwean cultural and historical tradition which his books have glorified and also with the armed struggle. Sithole's *In Defence of the Rhodesian Constitutional Agreement* was produced in record time early in 1978 and sent to every member of the British parliament. In it Sithole argues that the internal settlement represents the fulfilling climax of the tradition of African resistance in Zimbabwe. It does so because it *is* internal. It was not negotiated by the British or the front-line Presidents; it was negotiated by Zimbabweans. It became possible because of successful armed struggle. Sithole quotes a characteristic statement made by him during the internal settlement negotiations: 'I came to this conference to stop the war . . . I believe one man, one vote can stop the war . . . We must stop the war, Mr Smith. I order you to stop the war . . . What we want here, Mr Prime Minister, is to stop the war you and I started.'

Sithole also quotes a memorandum from what he calls 'ZANU detainees at the Wha Wha detention centre':

> The free masses, who support and organise the parties, are in constant threat of abduction, arrest and death at the hands of the enemy . . . Family life has been destroyed, marriages broken up . . . and a complete destruction of African culture and norms is taking place . . . We have already liberated ourselves by bearing the sting of the bees, so now we want our honey . . . Settling now prevents the imposition of a leader with foreign and unwanted ideology. 'Tiri veZimbabwe, tinoda zviro rveZimbabwe'.

Abel Muzorewa is by comparison a newcomer to literature. But he, too, can draw upon the rhythms of a preaching style, and he, too, produced a book in 1978. Muzorewa's *Rise Up and Walk* received instant and favourable reviews in the conservative press, in some ways rather incongruously since it also glorifies the tradition of Zimbabwean resistance. 'I am in the traditional sense', he writes,

> a Makombe. It was my ancestors of the Makombe tribe who fought courageously against Portuguese rule in the early years of this century until beaten into submission or forced into exile. They were the earliest 'freedom fighters'. The tradition is still told of the time when a swarm of bees attacked the Portuguese soldiers when they were fighting the Makombe, forcing the Portuguese to flee in haste. Even today, some persons remember my ancestry and address me, saying, 'You fought with bees'.

In a chapter entitled 'Righteous Violence' Muzorewa argues that the guerrilla struggle was 'a just war' and discerns 'the hand of God in our liberation struggle'.

For Muzorewa, as for Sithole, the armed struggle and cultural nationalism found their natural climax in the internal settlement. Like Sithole he repudiates external interference.

---

Lester A. Sobel, ed.: *Rhodesia/Zimbabwe 1971-77* (Facts on File, New York $7.85). Ndabaningi Sithole: *Roots of a Revolution: Scenes from Zimbabwe's Struggle* (Oxford £3.50). Ndabaningi Sithole: *Frelimo Militant* (TransAfrica, Nairobi £3.50). Ndabaningi Sithole: *In Defence of the Rhodesian Constitutional Agreement: A Power Promise* (Graham, Salisbury $1 Rhodesian). Abel Muzorewa: *Rise Up and Walk: An Autobiography* (Evans £6.95). Stanlake Samkange: *Year of the Uprising* (Heinemann 95p). International Defence and Aid Fund: *Focus on Political Repression in Southern Africa* (£3 annually); *Zimbabwe: The Facts About Rhodesia* (60p); *Smith's Settlement: Events in Zimbabwe since 3rd March 1978* (50p). Anti-Apartheid Movement: *Zimbabwe Briefings No. 6: Guardians of White Power: The Rhodesian Security Forces* (50p). Catholic Institute for International Relations: Lord Chitnis and Eileen Sudworth: *Free and Fair? The 1979 Rhodesian Election* (£1.50); Claire Palley: *The Rhodesian Election* (£1); *Rhodesia: The Propaganda War* (£1). Duncan Clarke: *Agricultural and Plantation Workers in Rhodesia* (Mambo Press £6, dist. CIIR). Duncan Clarke: *The Distribution of Income and Wealth in Rhodesia* (Mambo Press £2.20, dist. CIIR). *Rhodesia after the Internal Settlement* (Catholic Institute for International Relations 50p). From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe (series): Roger Riddell: *Alternatives to Poverty* (25p); Roger Riddell: *The Land Question* (40p); D. G. Clarke: *The Unemployment Crisis* (40p); Colin Stoneman: *Skilled Labour and Future Needs* (40p); Rob Davies: *The Informal Sector* (40p); Michael Bratton: *Beyond Community Development* (50p); John Gilmurray, Roger Riddell and David Sanders: *The Struggle for Health* (50p) (all Catholic Institute for International Relations). *The Zimbabwe Worker* (89 Dora Rd, Small Heath, Birmingham, 10p an issue). *Zimbabwe News* (dist. 21 Caledonian Rd, London N1). Joshua Nkomo, Robert Mugabe, Eddison Zvogbo: *Zimbabwe: The Final Advance* (Liberation Support Movement, California 80p).



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'Zimbabwe must develop her national resources along the lines of her own national ideology.' This national ideology is to be one of 'Zimbabwean Socialism' which will grow out of 'strong cultural roots'.

Muzorewa can summon to his aid the most prolific of Zimbabwean novelists and historians, Stanlake Samkange. Samkange has sought to provide, in a series of books over the years, an African unmasking of white hypocrisy, using the very data of white historiography to erect an African counter-interpretation. Yet Samkange has been acting as educational adviser to Muzorewa within the internal settlement, where he has been involved in adumbrating proposals to include compulsory courses in Zimbabwean culture and history in all schools, black and white.

Samkange's latest novel, *Year of the Uprising*, published in 1978, deals with the great African uprisings against white rule in 1896, the first *Chimurenga*. The novel ends in anticipation of a second round. 'You know,' Baden Powell is made to say on the last page, 'I am going back home to England. Much as I love this country, I cannot live here. I am afraid that the whites have learnt nothing . . . There will be another round, I tell you. And when that takes place, I am not sure the white man will win.' Eighty years later, the other round has ended, for Samkange, in a victory over the white man. The internal settlement negotiations stand in this perspective as an inversion of the famous indabas of 1896 in which Cecil Rhodes negotiated the surrender of the Ndebele. Samkange's own return to the country from his academic career in America stands in this perspective as a response to the song which in his novel he makes rise out of the grave of Mkwati, prophet and hero:

> Back, back, back again
> Come when you can say:
>
> This is the day, this is the hour
> The spirits have risen again,
> And our land from white power
> For ever gained.
>
> Great God,
> It is the day, it is the hour
> For Zimbabwe.

The critics of the internal settlement denounce what they see as an unholy alliance between cultural nationalism and the continuing structures of white military and economic power. Their counter-attack is necessarily a complicated task. They have to break through the wall of Rhodesian censorship and establish what is really going on. They have to demonstrate that Muzorewa's Zimbabwean Socialism cannot possibly benefit the mass of Zimbabweans. They have to wrest Zimbabwe's history and popular culture out of the possession of the internal settlement's intellectuals and show that the African past of Zimbabwe does not necessarily lead to this sort of conclusion.

There is a broad division of labour between those who seek to counter the Rhodesian regime on questions of fact and those who work to counter it on questions of ideology and mythology. The first task is largely being undertaken by white scholars and activists; the second most effectively by Zimbabwean radicals themselves.

Let us turn first to questions of fact. The effective work is being done mostly by three organisations. The first of these is the International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa, whose bi-monthly *Focus on Political Repression in Southern Africa* mines whatever there is to be gained from press reports on and in Southern Africa. It concentrates upon arrest, imprisonment, detention, and can draw upon hundreds of letters from detainees and their families. *Focus* has built up over the months of the internal settlement a picture very different from the hopes of amnesty and the restoration of peace held out by Sithole and Muzorewa. Defence and Aid's most recently published pamphlet, *'Private Armies' in Zimbabwe*, abundantly bears this out. The pamphlet remorselessly documents the atrocities performed by the private armies of Sithole and Muzorewa, drawing on statements made in the Rhodesian parliament, on court cases, on the affidavits of witnesses, and on the testimony of missionaries. It soon becomes clear that, despite the power promise of Sithole, 'the free masses' are still 'in constant threat of abduction, arrest and death'.

> Private armies, owing allegiance to one or other of the black parties to the internal settlement in Zimbabwe, have been responsible for widespread intimidation, looting, murder and other forms of brutality . . . What the press and media have generally failed to make clear, however, is that the private armies, or 'auxiliary forces', as they are euphemistically called by the Smith regime, are a direct consequence of the internal settlement itself. They have not been a haphazard or fortuitous development, but are the result of policies deliberately pursued by the regime.

Defence and Aid has also published two booklets whose titles make clear their aim of establishing the record – *Zimbabwe, The Facts About Rhodesia* and *Fact Paper on Southern Africa, No. 6: Smith's Settlement.*

The second organisation concerned with setting the record straight is the Anti-Apartheid Movement. In addition to the Rhodesian material regularly contained in its *Anti-Apartheid News*, the Movement has issued several *Zimbabwe Briefings*. Two of these – *No. 4: The War of Liberation and No. 6: Guardians of White Power: The Rhodesian Security Forces* – usefully bring together the basic information about the contesting sides in the guerrilla war.

But the most remarkable outpouring of evidence about Rhodesia comes from the Catholic Institute for International Relations. CIIR has produced the greatest amount and the greatest variety of material. It is also quickest off the mark, having already produced two publications on the recent elections in Rhodesia, Lord Chitnis's splendidly full and useful *Free and Fair? The 1979 Rhodesian Election* and Claire Palley's *The Rhodesian Election*. There are several reasons for CIIR's emergence as the most effective lobby on Rhodesia. One is that while Defence and Aid and Anti-Apartheid are very largely concerned with South Africa and Namibia as well as Rhodesia, CIIR's Southern African focus is very much on Rhodesia itself. Another is that able young academic exiles from Rhodesia are on CIIR's staff. But the chief reason is that CIIR has, in the words of its 1978 *Annual Review*, established 'strong links with the Church in Rhodesia and in particular with the Commission for Justice and Peace'.

CIIR has published the three reports in which the Rhodesian Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace presented documented evidence of government atrocities in the rural areas: *The Man in the Middle* (1975), *Civil War in Rhodesia* (1976) and *Rhodesia: The Propaganda War* (1977). During 1978 CIIR became the distributing agent for Mambo Press, a Catholic printing and publishing house at Gwelo, whose socio-economic series has provided the main outlet for the work of a dynamic group of radical economists. In 1977, for example, the Mambo imprint issued two monographs by a Rhodesian-born economist, Duncan Clarke, a leading member of the first generation of white Rhodesian radical intellectuals: *The Distribution of Income and Wealth in Rhodesia*, and a pioneering study of the living and working conditions of African *Agricultural and Plantation Workers in Rhodesia*, which was based on often dangerous field-work inquiries in white farm compounds. Such connections with local Catholic agencies have given CIIR publications an unrivalled authority.

It is a strange thing on the face of it that the most formidable opponent of Ian Smith in the propaganda war should be the Catholic church, which has a long history of mutual admiration and close relations with white political power. Even the first influences of the Second Vatican Council did not seem likely to


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**Faber**


**Among this week's contributors:**

TERENCE RANGER is Professor of Modern History at Manchester University. He taught in Rhodesia from 1957 to 1963. Among his publications are *Revolt in Southern Rhodesia, 1896-7* and *The African Voice in Southern Rhodesia, 1898-1930*.

ROBIN BLACKBURN is an editor of *New Left Review*. He recently edited *Revolution and Class Struggle: A Reader in Marxist Politics* (Fontana).



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ruffle these calm waters. The Commission for Justice and Peace was set up in 1972 in response to a general papal request made to all episcopal conferences in the Catholic world and its terms of reference have been the same as those of similar Commissions elsewhere, few of which have subsequently enjoyed much notoriety. It began its activities in Rhodesia by distributing monthly model sermons on Peace and Justice, an activity which did not bother even the abnormally sensitive Rhodesian regime.

Moving with caution, the Commission started by advising citizens of their legal rights, then began to check complaints and to present them to the government for redress. By 1975 the Commission reluctantly concluded that it had no alternative but to publish the cases which it had collected and checked. By August 1977 the Commission had become a major antagonist of the regime. In that month police raided the offices of the Commission in Salisbury and brought charges against four of its members in a vain attempt to stop the publication of *Rhodesia: The Propaganda War.*

The Commission's ability to draw on the testimony of missionaries working in the tribal trust lands has given its reports a credibility which has gained the respect of even the British Foreign Office. Equally important has been the Commission's continued condemnation of the conduct of the internal settlement regime. After all, Bishop Muzorewa in his *Rise Up and Walk* praises the work of the Commission as an example of the type of committed Christianity which he hopes will characterise his own government. The Commission might have been expected to have endorsed Muzorewa's plea that his 'Christian' settlement would at once remedy the old abuses and act as a bulwark against Marxism. Very conspicuously it has not done so. The Commission instead acted as consultant for CIIR's *Rhodesia after the Internal Settlement*, published in November 1978, which constitutes the most damning of all indictments of the powerlessness of Africans within the framework of the settlement and of the culpable responsibility of African leaders for the frightful escalation of the civil war.

The CIIR has taken the lead in demonstrating that Muzorewa's Zimbabwean 'Socialism' cannot possibly benefit the mass of Zimbabweans. During 1978 CIIR began to publish a series of pamphlets, *From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe*, of which seven have so far appeared. Colin Stoneman's *Skilled Labour and Future Needs* ends with a sketch of three scenarios:

> The first scenario supposes the political success of the internal settlement; the second its replacement by an Anglo-American settlement; and the third a military victory by the liberation forces. If the present 'internal settlement' survives . . . it is clear that basic inequalities in Zimbabwe will be little affected. Some whites will leave on the advent of apparent black political power, but probably less than 10 per cent. Up to 10,000 jobs, many of them requiring skills, thus become available to blacks, assuming, probably rather unrealistically, that the economic depression does not deepen. But economic power remains firmly in the hands of the whites, with the prospect of only a very gradual shift in favour of blacks . . . The terms governing employment do not change very much . . . Few blacks actually purchase white farms as a result of the repeal of the Land Tenure Act for the simple economic reason that they have no money to do so . . . To prevent the whites leaving the country there is no effective challenge either to their privileged and separate education system, nor to their inflated wage levels. But a small black bourgeoisie already sending its children to fee-paying multi-racial schools, rapidly gains an interest in the new status quo as it both gains white salary levels and enters positions of power in the armed forces and police.

Michael Bratton in the sixth pamphlet, *Beyond Community Development*, similarly discerns little prospect of change in present property-holding and local administration patterns. The pamphlets see no possibility whatsoever that the internal settlement could lead to what they advocate – 'a more viable peasant/small producer economy', 'worker-owned enterprises', 'a health service for a community that belongs to the people'; under the internal settlement the honey seems bound to go to the drones and not to worker – or warrior – bees.

Of course, these pamphlets possess their own ideology – not the 'almost child-like trust in a Marxist socialist approach' and commitment to Soviet-style collectivisation of which one correspondent to the *Southern Cross* has accused them, but rather a preference for Tanzanian-style small-scale and voluntarist communalism. But CIIR, like the other fact-establishing lobbies, is only too happy to leave the chief responsibility for ideological debate, and especially for debate over Zimbabwean history and culture, to Zimbabweans themselves. In any case, Zimbabwean activists are becoming a little restless at having others speak for them so often even on matters of fact. A review in *The Zimbabwe Worker* of one white scholarly summary of guerrilla history concludes that it should be read 'by Zimbabwean revolutionaries so that they may see the necessity of vigilance and writing their activities instead of leaving them to others'.

Books by Zimbabwean revolutionaries have not yet appeared – though I believe that a number are in prospect. Meanwhile I have myself found two journals especially interesting for the debate on ideology, history and culture. One is *Zimbabwe News*, produced in Maputo as the organ of Robert Mugabe's ZANU. The other is *The Zimbabwe Worker*, a quarterly broadsheet, which could be described as the organ of the ZAPU proletarian left. There are striking differences between the tone of their comments on the war and the tone adopted by CIIR or the Commission for Justice and Peace; in their columns the war is less a source of tragedy, more a story of heroism. There are also striking differences in their own resolution of the problems of ideology, culture and history.

*The Zimbabwe Worker* argues that the true revolutionaries are the fully proletarianised urban workers, those most divorced from what Sithole and Muzorewa regard as traditional culture. It depicts the peasants variously as rural bourgeois in waiting, as men inevitably confused and timid in response, as likely victims of reactionary cultural nationalist propaganda. Its response to the historical and cultural claims of Sithole and Muzorewa is robust:

> One is either for socialism or for capitalism – anything in between is nothing but wishful thinking or a deliberate attempt at trying to mislead the working people. Those advocates of 'African Socialism', 'authenticism', 'humanism outside communism', etc, must know that they are simply


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wasting the time, sweat and blood of the people.

Mugabe's ZANU, committed to the heightening of the revolutionary consciousness of the peasantry, to the redistribution of white farm land to peasant communities, and to developing peasant agriculture so that Zimbabwe becomes 'the bread-basket instead of the tobacco farm of Southern Africa', takes a different view. It knows that history and traditional culture are important to the people, but it sees no reason why Sithole, Muzorewa and Samkange should be allowed to monopolise the interpretation of the past. At one level Mugabe's ZANU seeks to wrest history and culture away from the internal settlement leaders by means of an intensive interaction with peasants in the liberated areas. Eddison Zvogbo, in the Liberation Support Movement's pamphlet, *Zimbabwe: The Final Advance*, admits that:

> Building a new, revolutionary society in Zimbabwe is a difficult task. Traditional values are still quite strong, even amongst our supporters. For example, in some areas, the 'grand old man' of the village is the chairman of the ZANU branch. He may have four or five wives and six children. His son may be secretary-treasurer of the branch, one of his wives may be publicity secretary, and so on. That village is the old man's terrain. It is very difficult to change this because even if you call another election the same man will be elected again . . . We try to work within the existing structures and then let them transform as a result of the revolutionary process . . .

At another level ZANU seeks to wrest history and culture away from the Sitholes and Samkanges by laying their own claims to be the true successors of the resistance heroes of the 1890s. Particularly fascinating in this respect is the issue of *Zimbabwe News* for May-June 1978. Mugabe's article in this issue is entitled 'ZANU carries the burden of history'. It is a subtle and complex reworking of the whole sweep of Zimbabwean pre-colonial and nationalist history, neatly turning the tables on Muzorewa and Sithole by declaring their true historical ancestor to be the shameful puppet emperor, Munthumutapa Mamvura. In the same issue, under the heading 'Nehanda died for Zimbabwe, Will You?', it is argued that the great religious leaders of the 1896 risings anticipated the current guerrilla struggle:

> Unlike Zimbabwe's religious leaders of today (Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole) Comrade Nehanda believed in armed struggle as the principal means of struggle against imperialist and colonialist domination. More important, she actually led the armed struggle to the bitter end (unlike Muzorewa and Sithole who would sleep with their wives quietly in Salisbury's air-conditioned houses, leaving others to do the fighting). There is no doubt that if Comrade Nehanda were alive today, she would be a member of the Patriotic Front.

People in Britain sometimes complain that they find it difficult to obtain material on Rhodesia-Zimbabwe. It should be plain from this review that there is no shortage. On the contrary, the propaganda war between the internal settlement regime and its critics is fully joined at the level of fact, at the level of ideology and at the level of historiography.


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# Love of Flying

**The Flute Player** by D. M. THOMAS *Gollancz* £4.95
**The Island** by PETER BENCHLEY *Deutsch* £4.50
**On Wings of Song** by THOMAS M. DISCH *Gollancz* £5.95
**The God of Glass** by PETER REDGROVE *Routledge* £4.95

Feed the heart on fantasies, warned Yeats, and it grows brutal. Recent fiction would seem to confirm his theory. These four novels, all in their different ways fantastic, contain between them three garottings, four decapitations, innumerable beatings, shootings, throat-cuttings, stranglings, rapes and eviscerations, repeated scenes of torture, sadism and cruel imprisonment, the violent biting-off of a sleeping man's foreskin, a scheme to implant explosives in the stomach-linings of convicts, a leisurely flaying-alive and several thousand male pregnancies. This last item, I should perhaps add, ends with a mass delivery, by simultaneous Caesarian section, in the Royal Albert Hall. Those who feel they can take no more fantasy may, at this point, tiptoe quietly from the abattoir. Perhaps reality is not so bad after all.

At least in *The Flute Player* the violence is germane. D. M. Thomas is a notable translator of modern Russian verse and his novel is an imaginative meditation on the themes and landscapes of that literature. Against a dream-like background of wars and purges we watch a generation of artists struggling to survive. The setting is never specifically identified as Russia, and there are times when we appear to be in Berlin rather than Moscow. But our contemporary image of the artist's life as heroic endeavour is derived almost entirely from the unofficial writers and painters of the Soviet Union, and it is that image which the book celebrates.

The narrative is a simple chronicle of endurance, centred upon the enigmatic flute player Eleanor. Through her room pass the soldiers and state functionaries, the religious fanatics, painters, actors and writers of the book's imaginary city. The artists especially are nourished by her preternatural beauty and endurance. She inspires, supports, and eventually memorises, the work of a whole family of poets. Though symbolic significances obviously tremble on the tongue, the novel never dwindles into allegory and Eleanor remains refreshingly ambiguous to the end. At times, of course, *The Flute Player* seems second-hand, an envious borrowing of other men's literary clothes. But its method is confessedly that of collage and, as collage, it achieves a delicate distinction.

Peter Benchley's *The Island* offers an altogether cruder brand of fantasy. We're back in that old stamping-ground of pseudo-scientific whimsy, the Bermuda Triangle. What is Benchley's solution? A yet more gigantic plastic shark, capable of leaping from the water and snapping up jet planes in mid-air? No, nothing so likely. His fashionable hero Blair Maynard, a hard-nosed journalist in a crumpled suit, arrives in the Caribbean to uncover a band of blood-thirsty pirates. The violent capture of ships on the high seas is something of a growth industry at the moment, so the idea's not inherently improbable. Except that these pirates are the real thing, in sea-boots and sashes, and going about their business on the modern Spanish Main with flintlocks. Douglas Fairbanks Senior must be spinning in his grave at the thought of missing out on the film version. The flimsy excuse for this extravagant nonsense is that a community of 17th-century buccaneers has been cut off from history on a remote island. A local anthropologist, understandably curious, sustains them with kegs of rum and vats of insect repellent. Our hero is less sentimental. Without so much as a 'yo ho ho', he finishes them off with a .50-calibre machine-gun. Nasty, brutish and far too long, this is a book strictly for the gun-buffs.

There are no such banalities in Thomas M.



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Disch's *On Wings of Song*, and I suspect that the author's background in science fiction has a lot to do with it. Here there is no violent straining for effect. Instead Disch offers a gentle but infectious disturbance. The novel is a version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, an anti-utopia of the 21st century. With the world's food and energy resources desperately depleted, the great cities are crumbling away. The new rich are the farmers, especially those of the American Middle West, and their puritanical attitudes hold unprecedented sway. Our hero, Daniel Weinreb, grows up in the highly repressive Grain Belt state of Iowa where even music is held in suspicion. Against this basic pattern of future shock Disch sets another and still more worrying theme. Technology has made it possible for human beings to take vacations from their bodies. By singing with sufficient conviction (while attached to a particular electronic apparatus) the spirit can leave the body and fly.

Essentially a slight extension of the present passion for drugs and contemplation, this unlikely idea becomes extraordinarily compelling. The vision of wards full of comatose abandoned bodies beneath the premises of First National Flightpath has an authentic note of nightmare, and the questions posed by the conceit are serious ones. The book does have its sticky patches, but its intellectual daring and sophistication are reminders of what fantasy can, at its best, bring to the novel.

Sophistication is not a word which springs to mind in connection with Peter Redgrove's *The God of Glass*, a rough beast of a book, also set in the nearish future. This was apparently written as a dry run for *The Wise Wound*, the treatise on menstruation which Redgrove published with Penelope Shuttle in 1978. Those who were unconvinced then by his theory of witchcraft as the natural religion of the human fertility cycle will find nothing in this slackly-written horror story to convert them. Sympathisers may well be disturbed by its melodramatic excesses. The best moments are the product less of Redgrove the polemicist than of Redgrove the naturalist. There's a striking account of the division of living cells, a catchy version of the food chain and even, in chapter seven, a plausible account of how those lads in the Albert Hall got into their embarrassing plight. Apparently it was a consequence of watching television. Don't say I didn't warn you.

**John Fuller**

# In the Corridor

Francis, it *was* you yesterday, though I knew you were dead,
Smiling and nodding your head
As though your long-kept secret could wait a little while
To be recounted in style,
Fondly amused at my pain and excitement at seeing you there,
At seeing you anywhere
When I thought, when I knew, the historical you that really mattered
Had been so cruelly scattered.
It must have been you I recognised as much as the once alive,
Unless those who survive
Go on and on as they did investing the shapes of friends
For their own strange ends
With the voice and significance of what affects them most.
Like an over-insistent host,
'Francis, what *happened?* Tell me. Tell me how you escaped,'
I silently mouthed and gaped,
Eager and simple for a startling truth. I was so compelled
To what seemed to be withheld
That I moved along the corridor towards your stillness
As doctors deal with illness,
Reckless of answers that the only cure requires,
Immune to its desires.
But of course the darkness shielded you from inquisition
And I froze in the position
Of one whom the dead night's noiseprint has suddenly caught awake
Like one frog in a lake
When all else is slow mist rising to meet the moon
And the first light all too soon
Shocks us to a reappraisal of that brief deep
And self-satisfied sleep
Which is our charmed life. In the corridor
My bare feet on the floor
Were rooted even as I thought I began to tread
In drawn and willing dread
The several thousand and worn stitches that lay between,
Its invisible brown and green.
You will forgive, I am sure, that craven breaking of the spell
Though you may have wished to tell
Secrets that only such silence and respect of fear
Ever allow us to hear.
Francis, now I have seen you once more, knowing you are dead,
Though nothing at all was said,
I know that for you the future has ceased at all to exist
And will not be much missed.
Only our sorrow for you will come again and again
And goes some way to explain
Why there is fit passage for its evidence of our fears
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DENT




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**Robin Blackburn**

# Marxism and Aesthetics – A Reply to James Fenton

Walter Benjamin would not have been surprised at the tactics employed by James Fenton in his review of *One Way Street* (NS, 25 May). In this book Benjamin writes 13 theses on the critic's technique. Among his observations are the following:

> The art of the critic in a nutshell: to coin slogans without betraying ideas. The slogans of an inadequate criticism peddle ideas to fashion. The public must always be proved wrong, yet always feel represented by the critic.

In England today the dominant critical mode, averagely represented by Fenton, reverses these maxims, invariably preferring a belletristic sneer, which colludes with the prejudices of the public, to any challenging discussion of ideas.

The theme of Fenton's (non)-review of Benjamin was that 'something horrible happened when Marxism and aesthetics became mixed up together', that there is 'something utterly repulsive about Marxism's self-interest when it comes to the arts', that the language of Marxism is 'tainted', 'poisoned' and 'filthy with dishonest use'. This nameless dread of pollution, this obsession with cleanliness and purity, entirely displaces reasoned argument and leads Fenton to congratulate himself that he feels 'vehemently' about the Marxist menace to 'that which most closely affects myself'. Who are the Marxists who arouse such uncontrollable phobia in Fenton? Is it Stalin or Zhdanov who has inspired this modish anti-Marxist tirade? No, it is a sentence or two from Walter Benjamin and some exchanges between Benjamin, Brecht and Lukács.

Fenton would have us believe that he writes in sorrow as well as in anger. He would like to see Marxism rehabilitate itself; he might even believe that English criticism needs a tonic dose of aesthetics, even German Marxist aesthetics. But, sad to report, 'something horrible' has happened: 'in precisely the same way as that in which the German language became tainted by Nazism, so the language of Marxism became poisoned by official communism.' Thus the writings of Benjamin, Brecht and Lukács must be condemned as unfit for human consumption. QED.

Was Walter Benjamin a standard bearer of Stalinism in culture and is the contemporary influence of Lukács or Brecht supportive of political or cultural repression in the lands of official communism? As Fenton knows well enough, the answer is No to both of these questions. Benjamin never endorsed Stalinism. Unlike such non-Marxist fellow travellers as Auden, whose work Fenton has always regarded as admirably wholesome in the past, Benjamin was quite estranged from 'official communism' throughout the Thirties. But it is true that Benjamin, like Brecht and Lukács, saw the Soviet Union as an indispensable resource in the struggle against fascism and imperialism. Fenton holds up for our derision as a 'priceless' example of intellectual procrastination the conversation between Brecht and Benjamin in 1936 in which they reveal that they have been following Trotsky's writings closely and are profoundly sceptical about what is taking place in Russia. Trotsky himself would certainly have understood Brecht's hesitation before taking the extremely dangerous and difficult step of identifying with the Left Opposition and would have had nothing but contempt for Fenton's apparent belief that the question of the Soviet Union could be tackled ignoring the reality of Nazi Germany. Unlike Benjamin, Brecht and Lukács did accommodate, albeit uneasily, to Stalinist cultural policy: this is clearly brought out in NLB's *Aesthetics and Politics* to which Fenton refers. But the two writers identified by Lukács as embodying his idea of realism were Thomas Mann and the Solzhenitsyn of *Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle*. When an opportunity presented itself in 1956 to break the Stalinist regime in Hungary, Lukács was prominently identified with the challenge. Brecht's response to the 1953 uprising was more ambiguous, though his recommended 'solution' ('Would it not have been easy to dissolve the people and elect another?') can scarcely have gratified the regime. Today the legacy of Brecht in East Germany, or of Lukács in Hungary, is an inspiration to the socialist opposition (Bierman, Bahro and others).

Despite Fenton's affected liberalism it is *his* approach, not that of the Marxists, which is incipiently totalitarian. If all Marxists are to blame for the crimes of official communism, then all liberals and social democrats must be condemned for the crimes of official liberalism and social democracy. Are the writings of American liberals 'tainted' by the actions of their own democratically elected Presidents: for example, the blanket bombing of Indochinese peasants and the poisoning of their rice fields ('poisoning' in the literal rather than figurative sense)? The harassment of Pound or Ginsberg, the fate of the 'Hollywood Ten' or the cultural policy of the CIA: have these poisoned the work of Robert Frost or the Black Mountain poets? Are all English liberal writers 'tainted' by torture in Northern Ireland or official collusion with the racist regimes in Southern Africa? The contemporary world bristles with real problems of political responsibility, but they are not best addressed by the issuing of blanket anathemas, Fenton-style, which construct whole categories of the objectively guilty.

So far as Benjamin is concerned, Fenton has difficulty in producing a scrap of evidence to show that he bore even indirect or objective responsibility for the practices of official communism, in the cultural field or elsewhere. Benjamin's whole aesthetic is at odds with monolithism and fanaticism. Fenton's forensic exhibit, which supposedly convinced him that something horrible had happened, is a brief passage where, so we are told, Benjamin 'concurs' with 'dictatorship in intellectual creation'.

As it happens, the work from which the exhibit is taken, an essay on Moscow in the years 1926-7, indicates with many telling details Benjamin's view that the class state of the workers had become a 'caste state' where a 'black market in power' threatens the achievements of the October revolution. Benjamin observes that people speak so cautiously that someone with a democratic turn of mind cannot understand them, that European values are being popularised in just the 'distorted, desolating' form they owe to imperialism, that in a performance of *Oresteia* 'dusty antiquity struts about the stage as untruthfully as in a German Court theatre'. Benjamin admires the lively street life of the city, the museums crammed with workers gazing at the

Penelope Mortimer

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possessions of their former oppressors, the centres for the care of orphans. But at no point does Benjamin concur, as did many NEW STATESMAN contributors when Stalinism was more fully in command, in the mechanisms whereby Soviet workers were cowed and controlled.

There is certainly a sense in which Benjamin *did* recommend dictatorship in the field of cultural production. For Benjamin the author was above all a producer. Within the cultural domain the associated producers should manage their own affairs and control their own means of production. The non-producers who owned or controlled means of cultural production had to be expropriated without compensation and, if necessary, without their consent. In contemporary terms this would mean that the bourgeois 'dictatorship' of Victor Matthews, Marmaduke Hussey, Lord Cowdray and the broadcasting authorities would be overthrown in favour of some system of producers' control. Benjamin's programme for the emancipation of cultural production may be problematic in various respects but it is grotesque to represent it as dictatorship *over* the producers.

So finally we are left with an instructive paradox. Fenton, warning us of the danger of the Marxist 'heresy hunters', sniffs out heresy with the blinkered zeal of a Savonarola. The Marxist aestheticians disagree with one another in a rational and discriminating fashion, celebrate the triumphs of bourgeois art and debate the pre-conditions for a liberated culture. Certainly we should avoid any cult of the work of Benjamin or Brecht. But their errors do not excuse us from thinking about their work. Many truly horrible things have happened in our century; Benjamin is foremost among those who help us confront and think about them.

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**Hermione Lee**

# Sex Words

**Words and Women** by CASEY MILLER and KATE SWIFT *Penguin* £1.25

On the day after reading this book, I took note of several details in my working life which I might otherwise have ignored. I made a transfer charge call, and on giving my surname, was asked by the (female) operator whether I was Miss or Mrs. I listened to a conversation in which (male and female) colleagues discussed a forthcoming university appointment, referring always to the hypothetical candidate as 'he'. I marked a (female) student's essay which used, as a means of implying critical disapproval, the term 'Mrs Woolf'. And I read an entry in *The Bookseller*'s (male) column, 'Critic's Crowner', which took me to task for using – as a male critic might of a male writer – only the surname of a woman writer whose book I had reviewed in these pages.

Such linguistic minutiae form part of every woman's day. They do not necessarily emanate from men; they do not necessarily give offence; very often they go unnoticed by both sexes. They are the routine evidence of a language, and hence a culture, formed of long-term male dominance. Casey Miller and Kate Swift (M/S, if I may) term it 'the sexist nature of accepted English usage', the 'linguistic exclusion of women', a long series of 'semantic setbacks'. Their book, which is vigorous, intelligent and precise, carries out a two-pronged attack on 'sexist' language: a descriptive analysis of its roots and causes, and a prescriptive polemic for change. The case they make for educative neologisms, 'reality-violators and consciousness-raisers', may not convince every reader; but it will certainly make every reader notice 'his' own unconscious use of a language of inequality.

Otto Weininger, an Austrian philosopher writing at the turn of the century, is quoted:

> Women are not bound to their names with any strong bond. When they marry they give up their own name and assume that of their husband without any sense of loss . . . The fundamental namelessness of the woman is simply a sign of her undifferentiated personality.

An extreme and outmoded view? But as this book shows, many woman are still subject, often willingly, to namelessness and undifferentiatedness. Mothers' and daughters' names still disappear in marriage; women are still defined by their relation – or lack of one – to a man. The etymology of our language everywhere displays a patriarchal bias, most obviously in the word *man*, a word 'now virtually unusable in what was once its generic sense . . . *Man* in the sense of male so overshadows *man* in the sense of human being as to make the latter use inaccurate and misleading.' The ambiguity of having one word which, whenever it should mean the human race, tends to mean only half of it, commits women to being the lesser half. Dictionary definitions allow the best *human* qualities (nobility, etc.) to 'manly', but specifically *female* (and usually negative) qualities to 'womanly'. A language which has no neuter-animate pronoun inevitably uses 'he' to mean 'he or she', but the use, far from being generic, 'perpetrates the cultural assumption that the male is the norm, the female a deviation'.

The language of religion is particularly susceptible to such bias. It's hard not to think of God as male, rather than as universal; hard not to think of the first woman in *Genesis* as 'Adam's helpmate', rather than, as the Hebrew had it, a 'fit helper' (*'ezer*) for the first 'androgynous being' (*'adham*). Our secular language has undergone equally one-sided developments. Words for professions, which once belonged to the common gender category, were gradually appropriated by men, necessitating the creation of new feminine word-endings. In 1926 Fowler called them 'sexwords', hoping that more of their like ('teacheress', 'singeress') would be introduced, to prevent the attempts of the 'female author' from raising herself 'to the level of the male author by asserting her right to his name'. Many of the words for women have suffered an unflattering sea-change. Goddesses lurk on shamefacedly in 'venereal' and 'aphrodisiac', while gods have gone in to higher words ('mercurial', 'apollonian'). 'Mistress', 'queen', 'madam', 'dame', all have debased sexual meanings, unlike 'king', 'master', etc. Obscenities (which women are still disapproved of for uttering) are predominantly abusive to women, even when, like 'motherfucker', they are addressed to men.

Changes are being made: the book charts the history of a linguistic revolution, as well as of linguistic oppression. The use of 'Ms', the substitution of the ambiguous 'man' by 'person', or, where appropriate, 'woman', the attempts to establish a neuter-animate pronoun, some radical and probably doomed to failure ('thon', 'co', 'hesh', 'jhe'), some moderate ('they', 'he/she', 'she/he') are now commonplace. But just as commonplace are the abusive, irritated jokes made against such changes. (M/S give a wearying list of the games played with 'person'; the last one I heard was 'person-hole-cover'.)

This resistance is the book's most interesting subject, because it goes beyond the limited topic of female oppression to the more general question of how people feel about their language. *Why* do neologisms like 'Ms' and 'chair-person' arouse such sustained, even violent mockery? Wilful change in language is offensive in all sorts of ways. It's thought to be trivial and pedantic. My colleagues may have talked of the new appointment as 'he', but we all knew that 'he or she' was meant: why make a silly fuss? It's thought to be unaesthetic: 'Ms' looks funny, it can't be pronounced. It's regarded as a presumptuous interference by people of either sex who have happily and unconsciously used a 'sexist' language without considering that they think or behave in a 'sexist' way. But, more than all this, sudden, political linguistic change is felt as a violation. Twice in *Words and Women,* the phrase 'wrenching the language' is used, once by a feminist supporter of neologisms, once by a male opponent. We think of language as changing organically, and, in an odd way, privately. It seems to belong to us; it's uncomfortable to be made aware that we belong to it.


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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

**Julian Barnes**

## Sunday Morning Dirt

'I wouldn't call it trespass – I'd call it doing our duty.' This gratifyingly cack-handed piece of moral juggling was produced by Derek Jameson, editor of the *Daily Express,* in the course of Granada's *State of the Nation* inquiry into *The Bounds of Freedom: Privacy.* Pressed a little further as to whether he would condone one of his journalists breaking down someone's front door to speed along an investigation, he responded with the archness of a mafioso: 'I'd say I'd rather not know about that sort of thing.' Of course there were smarter decision-makers than Jameson present among the dozen or so chosen press and TV editors, but their exchanges with Arthur Miller, a supersharp Harvard Law School professor, often displayed a fascinating failure of communication.

Miller, penned within a sort of panelled boxing ring (you half expected sawdust on the floor and a few dislodged gumshields), paced up and down, pirouetting with the aggressive suddenness of Perry Mason, and leaning sternly over some quibbling news editor; he offered an extraordinarily quick mind, an instant grasp of moral and legal issues, and a media academic's taste for gaudy paradox; while pretending to be merely a 'moderator', he toyed with Fleet Street's sages as if they were members of a freshman seminar – and a pretty awkward squad at that. The editors and TV men fiddled with their pencils, made the nervous, half-chippy jokes of outgunned undergraduates ('Have you ever taken cocaine, Professor?') and seemed squeamish about mentioning those factors which normally govern moral horizons: circulation, exclusivity, timing, print runs and dirt quota.

And when they came to grapple with their oral exam, it was eye-opening – and not a little unsettling – to see with what confidence and convenient flexibility they all defined terms like 'a public figure' and 'the public interest'. Everyone assumed that, just as at a certain point in his career a politician 'goes public' and offers himself to the electorate, other professional men do the same: but at what point can a banker, a theatre director or a novelist be said to pass from being a private figure to a public one – and thus become fair game for having their mistresses named by Paul Callan? As Miller pointed out, if you have a 'plural press' with varying interpretations of 'public figure' and 'public interest', then there can be no privacy for anyone: if Paul Foot doesn't get you, Paul Callan will.

But if the media men rarely started from first principles, Professor Miller seemed positively arcadian in his assumption that journalists, between first tip-off and the printing of a story, dutifully put all the issues involved through their ethical Moulinex. The most enlightening moment came when Miller was gradually turning the screw on Tom Bower, a *Panorama* producer, about the question of trespass in pursuit of a story. If you located the flat of an alleged assassin, and discovered that a neighbour had a key, would you try and get him to let you in? Would you ask him to poke around? Would you get him to open drawers for you? And why were you getting *him* to do it rather than doing it yourself – did that make it more ethical? All, of course, interesting, delicate questions, but with a great squelch Mr Bower squashed them underfoot: if the Professor were the neighbour, 'You'd be so excited by the BBC turning up at your dull, mediocre home that you'd be falling over backwards to help me'. Not exactly reassuring (I'll take that key back in the morning, Gladys) and less than modest, but scented with the carious breath of journalism as practised.

On the whole, one concluded that most of the journalists present would do most things for a story: in their pragmatic world, the public interest condones various forms of minor lawbreaking. Derek Jameson would certainly walk in, even if he might not break down a door – 'I wouldn't go that far, I'd see if a window's open, ha ha'; Tom Mangold would breach doctor-patient confidentiality; everyone would offer bribes; Paul Callan seemed willing to do anything at all. Standing appalled at the edge of all this murky moral water were the Baroness Sharp and the unchallenged star of the first programme, Sir Melford Stevenson. After various bits of editorial pussyfooting about the right to privacy in sexual matters, the retired judge announced in his MCC voice, 'I think you're all too high-minded. I believe everyone on a Sunday morning wants to read a bit of dirt'. You too, Sir Melford? 'Certainly – as long as it's well printed.'

The press generally exhibited a complacent condescension towards Uganda while Amin was in power, and has matched it with a fair indifference since the ogre's downfall. *World in Action* (Granada) therefore did a useful service by sending a team to report on that appalling euphemism of recent years, the State Research Bureau. Survivors were interviewed; we heard about the licking of blood and the eating of victims' livers; an unconvincingly self-exculpating torturer was interviewed; and as the camera panned round the Singapore Room of an SRB killing camp (the room was named, with the cheap irony brutality enjoys, after the city where Obote was when Amin seized power), I caught myself wondering if Alan Coren was watching.

What surprised most weren't the horrors revealed, but the extraordinary, philosophical calm displayed by an Anglican priest who survived the killing camp. Denounced by a vengeful ex-pupil, he had been arrested on the trumped-up charge – and what a charge – of having parked next to Amin's car. When questioned about how his cellmates had been killed, he commented, 'Hammering was very common, and we could hear it well'; asked about prison conditions, he replied mildly, in the tone of one complaining about a rigorous scout camp. 'Well, it was a difficult way of life because of starvation'.

It wasn't unfeelingness, or mannered bravery, but a precisely calculated understatement, a controlling of hideous experience by language. It was the stiff upper lip developed not in anticipation of fear and loss, but as a result of the subsequent struggle to contain and understand events. There was evidence of both sorts of lip in *Bombers* (BBC-1), a remarkable archive-delve which coupled an American propaganda film about B-17s (made by William Wyler) with a British home movie about a Lancaster squadron taken by a station commander with his private Bell and Howell.

The British film, though it showed no injury or death, seemed more truthful, more poignant, and at times – as in a long, soft-coloured sequence of Lancasters trundling slowly along the snaky perimeter runway before takeoff – astonishingly beautiful. Though mysteriously docked of its original soundtrack, it had been fitted with a modern one whose quiet, factual tone served the images well. Unlike the Wyler, there was no directing of response; the emotions emerged oddly – and more powerfully – from the film's strange, interwoven litanies of names and actions. The sleepy English place-names of the bomber stations – Grafton Underwood, Ludford Magna, Hemswell, Steeple Morden – were set against the aircrews' shorthand of FIDO, FISHPOND, 'G' and H2S, and the vernacular of 'cookies' and 'corkscrew' and Happy Valley (the Ruhr); then there were the rituals of 'Watches, gentlemen', and the parachute-checking-out jokes ('If it doesn't work, I'll bring it back'). Over it all lay the unspoken odds against survival: operational life expectancy of a Lancaster, 40 hours; chances of lasting a 30-mission tour, one in three; chances if you were a mid-upper gunner, a little smaller (there wasn't room to wear your parachute in your turret so you stowed it, then had to find it in the dark before baling out). What extraordinarily good value a TV licence is.

# Sport

**Russell Davies**

## Seeds

We present Lady Olga Volga's personal Guide to the 1979 Wimbledon Singles seedings. 'Cut out and keep,' she advises, typically.

*Men's Singles*

1. *B. Borg*: That shy manner and hunched, trundling walk conceal a great deal of money. As for tennis technique, I thought I detected the beginnings of a change of style last year when Borg struck one shot that carried no top-spin whatsoever. I am unable to say too much more about it, as I fainted.

2. *J. McEnroe*: Some seeds, inevitably, are seedier than others. I would not have this one in my home unless accompanied by an adult.

3. *J. Connors*: He is not by any means the adult I would choose to accompany J. McEnroe to my home, but I will say no more as his mother is a friend of mine. We often meet and



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talk over old contracts. If James's game has a weakness, it is that he becomes impatient when not given anything to hit. He was the same as a baby.

4. *V. Gerulaitis*: Very fast about the court, also off it. Would not get very far with me, however, as I do not believe in his hair. Gerulaitis's hair leaked out of a fluffy, fully washable rat puppet, and should be put back.

5. *R. Tanner*: He is either 'the young man from Look-Out Mountain, Tennessee' or 'the young look-out from Man-Mountain, Tennessee'. I can never remember what dear Dan Maskell tells me.

6. *G. Vilas*: I like G. Vilas, but he seldom lasts long enough at Wimbledon to allow me to convert anybody else to my opinion.

7. *A. Ashe:* Known as 'R. Thrash' to commentators. A seemingly gentle and doll-like person who has no more chance of winning than I have of getting a letter published in tomorrow's *Times*.

8. *V. Pecci*: Another of these young men with fried hair from countries accessible only by pack-horse or crash-landed DC 10.

9. *B. Gottfried*: It always seems to be perpetual deuce whenever B. Gottfried is playing. . .

10. *W. Fibak*: . . .against W. Fibak.

11. *J. Alexander*: The best Australia can do. Described by *Tennis Today* as 'amiable, big-serving'. This contradiction in terms explains why he is not seeded higher.

12. *J. Higueras*: We can expect dedication and accuracy from this cunning Spaniard.

13. *M. Orantes*: We can expect application and delicacy from this crafty Iberian.

14. *J. L. Clerc*: I have doubts about his groundstrokes. Besides, who is he? Who let him in?

15. *T. Gullikson*: This is Tim Gullikson, not Tom Gullikson, let alone the little-known third identical triplet, Tum Gullikson, who is unfit.

16. *C. Barazzutti*: Italians should not play tennis. They should stay at home and sing and tread their wonderful grapes and try to persuade Signor Berlinguer to eat a little more.

*Women's Singles (For Ladies)*

1. *M. Navratilova*: That wire down her arm worries me. Is it live?

2. *Mrs C. Lloyd*, or Miss C. Evert, or Ms Evert-Lloyd or Lloyd-Evert: four of the most popular ladies in this country at present. Which one will win the Tournament for Britain?

3. *Mrs R. A. Cawley*: I would be 'over the stars', as the saying is, if this delightful person, the former Miss Gongaloon, were to win the Championship. I like the way she keeps her head up after she has committed some frantic bloomer. So like Winston.

4. *T. Austin*: I wonder if they have taken the mousetrap off her teeth. Tracy has a bad case of nagging accuracy. In my nightmares, she wins, very slowly.

5. *V. Wade*: Shouldn't wear frilly undies, especially not those that look like squashed venetian blinds.

6. *D. Fromholtz:* Fromaustralia. Pretty gritty bang bang.

7. *Mrs. B. J. King:* Anyone who starts off as Miss Moffitt deserves to do well, though possibly not as well as Mrs King.

8. *W. Turnbull*: I knew a man once called Turnbull. He didn't get to the quarter-finals either.

9. *Mrs G. E. Reid*: Kerry Reid (née Packer) smiles sweetly when defeated, the two occurrences being not unconnected.

10. *V. Ruzici*: Tempestuous and zingaresque!. I think that will do.

11. *G. R. Stevens*: South African blonde with hair in bunches. That will certainly do.

12. *S. Barker*: The Forehand That Couldn't Find a Home. Has boyfriends like some tennis ladies have girlfriends.

13. *R. Marsikova*: Not to be confused with H. Mandlikova.

14. *K. Jordan*: Her serve is not good enough, whoever she is.

15. *B. Stove*: Always the barmaid, never the bride. I do hope Betty will not cover her knee this year with that horrid bandage, which caused her leg to resemble a lagged soil-pipe.

16. *P. Shriver*: If she has grown at all, will have joined the 6ft 4 people. Too much to hope that she will have shrunk.

# Films

**John Coleman**

# Love Forty

**Players** (A) *Plaza*
**The Kids Are Alright** (A) *Rialto*
**The Patriot Game** *Royal Court, 24 June*

Sport, Pop and Agit-Prop: maybe this column should have taken the week off and left the celluloid to Russell Davies, Mark Kidel and the front half. Nonsense, I hear you loyally cry? Very well. With Wimbledon just around the corner, and the turtle-dove tones of John McEnroe heard in the land, *Players* opens jump upon its hour in London. Qualified by its independent producer, Robert Evans (*Chinatown*, *Marathon Man*, *Black Sunday*) as a 'unique love story with tennis as a strong background', this schmaltzy net-corder was directed by Anthony Harvey and written by Arnold Schulman: Jerry Goldsmith poured the musical syrup. The result falls with a resounding plop somewhere between the bedroom and the Centre Court.

Dean-Paul Martin, son of Dino and – in appearance – a sort of uncanny superimposition of Robert Redford on to Vitas Gerulaitis, makes his acting debut as Chris Christensen, a tennis hustler from childhood, who acquires Pancho Gonzalez as coach on his way to the top – the men's singles final at Wimbledon against Guillermo Vilas. (Roughly three-quarters of the available fun goes in identifying the various 'real' people playing themselves: McEnroe, near-wordless; Nastase in a tantrum; Ralston; Tom Gullikson; John Lloyd, he should be so lucky; Dan Maskell doing a lovable bumble of commentary; and Ustinov and Liv Ullmann spotted among the spectators.) As Chris loses the first two sets, he looks glumly at seat 30 – empty. The flashbacks that are most of the movie soon establish that the mysterious Nicole (Ali MacGraw, ravishingly older, cool and brown) is the absentee, torn between her yacht-borne tycoon protector (Max Schell) and her Last Chance of True Happiness – pushing 40 in a mixed doubles with 20-ish muscular Chris. One look at this blond stud is enough to dispel the script's canard that he is unseeded.

Reluctance to disrupt the already fragile suspense of the on-court denouement is one thing, but lovers everywhere should know that Nicole and Chris meet by the big ferris wheel at the absolute end, under a last downpour of Goldsmith. Not all the dialogue is dreadful, the splendid Mr Gonzalez having some speakable lines: there is also the fine newspaper headline – LLOYD CHRISSED OFF. But a certain petulance is allowed the men. Chris whines to his enigmatic, stylish lady, 'Whenever you speak in French, it means you're going some place'; and the Schell-character, who is the place she's invariably going, is not above petty resentments. Waving cuttings of Nicole and her tennis-player, he snaps 'London, Paris, Rome. I do *business* in all of these places'. Nicole, whose past turns out to be less grand than she claims, is a bit naughty really, for all her loveliness among the simple splendour of a hideyhole in Cuernavaca, Mexico. There is room, too, for confusion about a den full of padded, faceless dummies; I suspected something kinky until the synopsis came to the rescue. Nicole devotes herself to 'soft-sculpture' in her *moments perdus*. The things they get up to in high society these days. While we are rubbing bottoms with the jet set, you might care for another titbit. The extras at a Mexican poolside party, on screen for a minute or so, were all painters and artists and top people. Incidentally, the tennis – to an untrained eye – looked quite like tennis.

*The Kids Are Alright* is a 96-minute documentary, collage-style, about The Who, black-and-white footage cut in with colour, TV performances with TV interviews, plus scraps of a couple of zany, unfunny filmlets. Jeff Stein, a young Californian fan, 'pretty overwhelmed' when The Who agreed, compiled it: their manager, Bill Curbishley, produced. Of this extremely loud, instrument-wrecking foursome, Pete Townshend is the most vocal, which is not necessarily the same thing as articulate. 'We were all incredibly nasty,' he says and, elsewhere, 'It's just basic Shepherds Bush enjoyment.' Of Woodstock and *Woodstock*: 'Well, it changed me. I hated it.' Someone asks if he is different from the *desperate young man of the Sixties*. 'Yeah, I'm a desperate old fart now,' pause, '. . . not boring.' This steady output of self-mockery is there, of course, to cut the ground from under the feet of even older farts like me, wincing away from the *fortissimo* and the crass on-stage destruction. There is a fair ration of the group in performance, but my preferred bits came in a marvellously solemn long question delivered on German TV, complete with subtitles (Mr Townshend's reply emerged as 'Ummm! Jah!') and clips from their encounter with a valiantly matey Russell Harty. This was the one where the late Keith Moon tore strips off his own clothing and, more pleasantly, gave his previous occupations as 'rust-repairer and full-time survivor'. Alas for that last wisecrack.

The most pertinent fact about *The Patriot Game* (two showings at the Court, 4.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m.; proceeds 'towards the cost of the film') is that the Other Cinema, its distributors, had a great hassle in finding a venue: apparently, neither the ICA nor the Collegiate wanted to know. This seems to me, if it really was so, extraordinarily cautious. Certainly *The PG*, a first feature-length documentary by a young American, Arthur



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MacCaig, and an Iskra production made in France, is propaganda: about the Irish problem and, on its own admission, 'unashamedly pro-Republican', with predictable slanting of both interview and newsreel material. Also available from the United Troops Out Movement, it uses excellent cruel ballads, potted history, addresses to camera from Joe Austin and Sean MacStiofain placed cheek to jowl with blandness from Willie Whitelaw and demagoguery from Ian Paisley, to preach to the converted. No doubt at all it should have untrammelled exhibition.

## Radio

**Peter Porter**

# A Golden Age?

I have been reading the internal BBC report *Radio Programme Policy*, recently leaked to the press. Nobody should place much emphasis on its leakage – many documents marked 'confidential' in public service departments these days are fully intended for disclosure and written with publication in mind, like famous authors' diaries and letters. I have further enriched my understanding by reading Stephen Hearst's openly acknowledged confidential memo, *Has 'Public Service Broadcasting' a Future?* I suspect that this material, heavy enough in itself, is only the tip of the iceberg – the BBC is buzzing with rumours of confrontations and disagreements.

My overall impression is that the fuss being made is partly to conceal the fact that very little new is happening in radio: it is neither declining nor going ahead. *Radio Programme Policy* ends by suggesting that we are on the verge of 'a golden age of radio', as distinct from the earlier 'golden age of wireless'. Close reading of the report lends little support to this piece of optimism. It is a calm summary of the present condition of BBC radio, where each network's achievement is followed by points for discussion to improve the outlook for the future. There is none of that polemical tone which was used in *Broadcasting in the Seventies* to introduce changes which amounted to a policy of 'DeReithification'. We were offered then the concept of generic broadcasting. It sounded nasty at the time. The new report points out that, in practice, we now enjoy modified generic broadcasting – the character of each of the four BBC networks is set to attract a known audience, but there is some cross-pollination, so that Radio 1 has acquired *Newsbeat* and phone-ins, and Radio 2 has set out (in the words of the report) to 'woo the Beatles generation'. If there is little to deplore, there also isn't a lot to cheer about. There is much depressing monitoring by age, putting audiences into decade-ghettoes. Equally depressing are the inexorable statistics which show that three-quarters of all BBC listeners tune in to Radios 1 and 2 only. Presumably the way to change this is to design a new human receiver.

There is one basic assumption throughout, however, which I think is misleading. This is the effect on BBC audience expectations – and therefore programming – of competition from Independent Local Radio. Here the analogy is drawn inevitably from the experience of television. The improvement in both programmes and morale during the Sixties is credited to appreciation by the BBC that it could not go on conceding its public to ITV, but must fight back. Which it did with *Steptoe, Till Death Do Us Part*, etc. On a number of occasions this new report suggests that competition from ILR will help BBC radio achieve what television managed in the face of its daunting competition. But there is simply too much radio broadcast for this to be the case. Parallels might be sought instead in commercially dominated America and Australia, where public service radio and the ABC respectively have been swamped by what certain Corporation people already describe as 'pop and prattle'. The BBC is in a much stronger position than its American and Australian equivalents, but I see little cause to believe that the proliferation of stations will not lead to worse programmes eventually. The shibboleth that competition leads to innovation does not apply to radio: there, in the desperate pursuit of audiences, provenly popular rubbish is imitated endlessly. A further drawback is the money shortage – many of the ILR stations and all BBC Local Radio stations are woefully undercapitalised. The report accepts that BBC Local Radio is not in direct competition with ILR: the fight is between Radios 1 and 2 and ILR. But they cannot offer a local public service, and it is precisely this combination of music, information, phone-ins, quizzes and interviews in an ever-flowing mixture which has made Capital such a success. The BBC is caught in its own generic net, where the obligations of public service broadcasting are bound to keep it.

Stephen Hearst, Chairman of the BBC's think-tank, the 'Future Policy Group', makes a good point when he suggests that the right descriptive adjective for the various IBA stations is 'commercial' and not 'independent'. This points to the humbug of their setting-up – they cannot assume any responsibility for providing a public service unless they are profitable, and they cannot get into profit without evading the kind of public service programme which the BBC is obliged to broadcast continuously. News, traffic information and the odd educational feature for exam sitters are within their scope, but such efforts hardly scratch the surface of the BBC's workload. Witness the fuss made by ITV and ILR networks when they sponsor an orchestra, a concert or a drama festival. The BBC does the same every day of the year, and scarcely bothers to mention it.

My own interest remains in network radio, and I have some sympathy for Aubrey Singer's proposal of a 'sustaining' service which BBC Local Radio could use, thereby freeing their tiny budgets for original programmes, rather better worked-out if less often scheduled. This does not appeal to local radio staff, of course, since it may cost them their jobs. The notion that Drama Rep might record large-scale performances of plays, including classics, especially for local radio seems an excellent one. Small is beautiful if you are reporting on pet shops, but small is beggarly if you are mounting *The War of the Worlds*. It seems a pity that *Radio Programme Policy* spends little time discussing programmes themselves. This new 'golden age of radio' could well turn out to be the most relentless of Babels. I hope that somewhere people not haunted by statistics are preparing the truly Pentecostal programmes that we want to hear.

## Theatre

**Benedict Nightingale**

# Glandular Fever

**Twelfth Night** by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
**American Days** by STEPHEN POLIAKOFF *ICA*
**Piaf** by PAM GEMS *Warehouse*

For some time now our directors have been conscientiously darkening what used to be regarded as Shakespeare's happiest comedy. We have had glum and scabrous Festes, and we have had Malvolios so cruelly teased that even the Belches – mean drunks and unprincipled predators to a man – have proved mildly shocked by their maltreatment. But these prison-house productions have obviously missed much, not least the interestingly erratic and even violent behaviour of some of the more romantic characters. In Illyria love is a sudden and alarming affliction, a variety of glandular fever virulent enough to send the mercury racing up and over the humiliation threshold:

> Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
> By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
> I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
> Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

It is, however, precisely such sentiments that give Terry Hands's revival of the play its tone, style and extravagant originality.

Roger Bisley's Antonio seems much more than ordinarily besotted with Sebastian, and Gareth Thomas's Orsino is not the usual droopy musicophage but a grizzled gentleman-pirate dangerously likely to succumb to his unpredictable impulses and cut a throat or two. As for Kate Nicholls's Olivia, she has no sooner swept on stage than she has thrown aside her mourning veil to reveal a lavish auburn mane that at once justifies her overwheening vanity and gives due warning of her torrid temperament. Before long this pre-Raphaelite beauty is proclaiming her loves and hates with a flamboyance that must be audible halfway across Illyria, and enthusiastically matching voice with movement and gesture. She flirtatiously rubs up against Malvolio, flings aside the wretched Aguecheek, and proceeds to astonish Cesario-Viola with the physical frankness of her unruly emotions. 'To one of your receiving enough is shown', she cries, and promptly disproves her own words by leaping at her, cuddling her, and pursuing her pellmell through the garden. At one moment of high excitement she seems actually to be trying to rape her, and at another she blunders into and very nearly knocks flat one of the spindly, woebegone trees that cower onstage, like crones in a gymnasium. It is as if defloration were not enough: this rampaging lady will be satisfied with nothing short of deforestation.

This is more than a little absurd, and certainly very hard to reconcile with the staid



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melancholic who threatens the carousing Toby with banishment; but it is also an overdue corrective to theatrical tradition, since Olivias have long tended to be wet and anonymous, uniformly incapable of feeling the flames to whose heat their words attest. It unbalances, but does not up-end, a production that seems sensible enough elsewhere and can claim several better-than-average performances: Willoughby Goddard's Belch, physically piggy and morally swinish; Cheril Lunghi's sweet and affectionate Viola; and, especially, John Woodvine's Malvolio, whose private hobby is practising the vindictive kicks-up-the-bum he will one day give the undeserving Goddard. Watch this baleful puritan, who may well never have smiled in his life before, grimacing wolfishly into his hand-mirror as he prepares to charm Olivia, or doing battle with yellow stockings whose cross-garters don't so much impede the circulation as mummify the legs. Only rarely, I have found, is *Twelfth Night* even remotely as funny on the stage as in the study. That this time performance comes close to matching bookish imagination is substantially due to Mr Woodvine's wickedly silly solemnities.

In his *Teeth 'n' Smiles* David Hare used the decline of a rock group as a metaphor for the despair of those who had once hoped to check the decline of British civilisation itself. *American Days* is a more modest effort, but in roughly the same tradition, since the setting is the subterranean studios of a recording multinational and the author Stephen Poliakoff, one of our more Hare-brained dramatists. His work to date has taken us into giant discos, underground car-parks, pop radio stations and motorway cafes, and, on occasions, shown us people whose juke-box hearts were pumping flaked concrete round their spun-nylon veins; but never before, I think, has he plucked so arresting and appalling a character up and out of the plastic culture as the company executive he calls, simply, Sherman. Three aspiring musicians, assembled for this gentleman's edification by an edgy, insecure lackey, are duly subjected to techniques that owe something to the Special Branch, something to B.F. Skinner, and something to your average master-butcher, sizing up the latest consignment for the slaughterhouse. They are stood up against walls, sat down, confused, intimidated; their teeth are inspected, their boots removed, their musical talents offhandedly tested; and, finally, the pushiest and (it seems) least gifted is offered a contract. Off goes Sherman to continue a life he finds most fulfilling when he's jetting across the Atlantic, or snoozing in a limousine on a five-lane expressway and wishing he could video-tape his dreams: the super-Briton of the electronic 1980s, or a half-crazed grotesque, depending on your perspective.

The trouble with the play, crisp and absorbing though it often is, may be some uncertainty of perspective on Poliakoff's part. There are times when he, too, seems impressed by Sherman's factitious glamour: the sub-Frostian ease with which he dials New York or flies there, his decisiveness in firing a failure or repackaging a 'committed' but uncommercial song, his eccentricity and flair. There are even times, towards the end of the evening, when he slightly sentimentalises the character. One moment, Sherman is describing a girl candidate to her face as 'a shoddy product', 'an empty space'; the next, he is allowing her to wangle him into offering her a career, lecturing her for being 'hard', and even looking shocked when she talks of emigrating to America in search of wealth and comfort. The reason may be that Poliakoff wants to dramatise some of our young people's alienation from and contempt for poor, shambling Britain. But if so, he does it at the expense of his protagonist's plausibility.

Antony Sher snaps and shrugs his way through this part, and Toyah Willcox, Phil Daniels and Caroline Embling are his victims. It's a bit hard to judge their performances in toto, since we don't always know whether they're singing badly because they're supposed to be singing badly, or singing badly because they can't actually sing: a problem that most emphatically does not arise with *Piaf*. Pam Gems's text is sketchy and scrappy, lacking in explanation, analysis; and yet the evening is a satisfying one, mainly because Jane Lapotaire pitches so much mind, gland and vox into her heroine's life and songs. She steers us from the ingenuous tart of the early years to the gaudy drug-addict of the later ones, and manages to suggest without mawkishness that, beneath the crudeness and cruelty, the self-absorption and despair, there could always be found natural generosity and unswerving integrity. Thanks to this performance, the play ends as precisely what its author wanted, a celebration of a temperament too honest and balky to be softened by success or seduced by middle class mores.

# Art

**John Spurling**

# Flower Power

**Flowers in Art from East and West** *British Museum*
**House at Home** *House*
**Prunella Clough** *New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, London SW1*

You might think that the exhibition of flower pictures at the BM was just a pretty show. It certainly contains a great many pretty paintings, drawings and prints, but it is also an extremely well-organised history of the genre as practised in Europe, China, Japan and India; and also by European explorers and botanists in other countries. The book published to accompany the exhibition (British Museum Publications £7.95 and £3.95) reproduces many of the most striking pictures as well as setting out the history in more detail. But its two authors, Paul Hulton and Lawrence Smith, both members of the Museum's staff, can't quite resist a little dry note of disapproval in the final paragraph of their introduction. 'Flowers,' they write, 'have mostly escaped the attentions of artists who wished only to express themselves.' All over England one seems to hear a satisfied sigh, if not an *Any Questions*-style round of applause. Yes, indeed, that is the whole trouble with artists: they have this unfortunate desire to express themselves.

Actually, of course, as the authors go on to say, the greatest flower-paintings of all are those by the Chinese scholar-artists who were undoubtedly expressing themselves. 'But these artists,' Hulton and Smith submit, 'painted in a medium so wonderfully disciplined and with such genuine love for their subjects that the flowers and trees were even enhanced by it.' Another sigh goes up round the land: yes indeed, the discipline. Yet the more one looks at this exhibition the more one sees the absolute difference between the mass of mere plant-pictures, however pretty, however astonishingly accurate, and what Hulton and Smith define as the works of 'high' art, in which the plant is primarily a vehicle for the artist's self-expression. Most of these are Chinese or Japanese, though there is a cabbage rose by Van Huysum, some trees by Constable and a spray of blackberries by Leonardo which go well beyond depiction for its own sake. The Western tradition has been mainly practical, seeing plants as decorations, useful herbs or botanical specimens and the exhibition includes a particularly interesting section of paintings done by Indians for their imperial masters which rather uneasily combine the Indian-Muslim decorative tradition with the European botanical one. On a slightly more self-conscious level, however, there is the 'plant portrait', painted with consummate skill by such masters as Redouté, Ehret, Van Huysum and Bauer and very much the equivalent to society portraiture in its combination of glossy life-likeness with ultimate lifelessness.

By comparison, some of the works of 'high' art might seem sadly sketchy, even reprehensibly cavalier towards their subjects. Tani Buncho's handscroll, *Plum Blossom*, is little more than an abstract of jagged and dotted brushstrokes, done entirely in ink; Tai Ming-yüeh's ink-painted hanging scroll, *Bamboo and Rocks*, is essentially a contrast between black and grey spikes, composed like a mobile in two main groups of unequal weight, with a breath-taking falling movement from the larger to the smaller; Leonardo's red chalk *Blackberry* is more naturalistic in detail, but abstract and almost sculptural in form. What all these masterpieces share is a sense of nature as a whole; of the artist and his feelings as part of that whole; of the act of observation and the act of expression as a single coherent response to the mystery of being alive. Redouté causes you to admire his own skill and the frozen beauty of the plant, but Tani, Tai and Leonardo take you beyond admiration to contemplation. Hulton and Smith would not disagree, since their real complaint is that every Tom, Dick and Harry wants to be a Tani, Tai or Leonardo, but the fact is that, for better or worse, there is no escape from self-expression in art and it only looks properly disciplined and sufficiently respectful towards its subject when the self-expresser himself is well dead and the lapse of time has restored him peacefully to his tradition.

House, which is literally a private house (62, Regents Park Road, London NW1) partly made over into a gallery, is celebrating its third anniversary with samples from all its 30 shows so far. The artists are mostly young, some hardly fledged. There is little agonising self-expression here. The taste of the house is for the quietly serious, the punctilious, the reticent. Many of the artists are worth keeping an eye on, but if I had to name one dark horse it would be the most expressionist and least disciplined, Ian Caughlin, whose tangled black drawing, *Samson slaying a Philistine*, might



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almost be a plant picture of the kind Hulton and Smith distrust.

Prunella Clough is also an undemonstrative painter. Noted for her greys and browns, she has now begun to admit a little colour. Her paintings are so varied that her shows almost give the impression of being by several different artists, but the common element at the New Art Centre is a kind of dialogue between the natural and the artificial; between a textured, atmospheric ground and the linear, geometrical figures or fragmentary brushmarks which float over it, as if one were looking through a window at a hazy wall or through the rational to the mysterious. Tai Ming-yüeh used his floating, calligraphic bamboo leaves to achieve the same sort of effect, but he was no more painting a picture of bamboo than Clough of geometrical figures.

# Music

**Andrew Clements**

# Season in Hell

**The Music of Benjamin Britten** by PETER EVANS *Dent* £15
**Boulez** by PAUL GRIFFITHS *Oxford* £3.50

Boulez the narrow polemicist scarcely admitted Britten's existence, still less accepted him as a creative equal; Britten's attitude to his younger contemporary was hardly more accommodating if rather more knowledgeable. The points of contact between their work – in the gamelan-like sonorities of Britten's *Prince of the Pagodas*, *Death in Venice* and church parables, and the metallic sheen of tuned percussion in Boulez's *Marteau sans Maître* and *Pli selon pli* – merely betoken a coincidence of influence from Oriental musics rather than any positive traffic of musical ideas between them. For most of the post-war period they have remained implacable opposites; the twin poles of contemporary music, each zealously protected within a circle of advocates, each proving to be the most powerful interpreter of his own work. The gap in fluency and technical apparatus between the radical innovator and the conservative original could hardly be better illustrated than by this pair of studies.

Britten's list of compositions, as catalogued in Peter Evans's book, is long and comprehensive. It runs to some 95 opus numbers, leaving aside arrangements and realisations. Until the painfully slow progress of his last phase, when the completion of each work after *Death in Venice* become a victory of artistic necessity over physical frailty, his production of large-scale works was consistently prodigious. The period that established him as the most important British composer after Elgar was between 1945 and 1955, in which he completed a staggering seven operas (three of them, *Peter Grimes*, *Billy Budd* and *The Turn of the Screw*, masterpieces by anyone's reckoning save, perhaps, Boulez's) as well as the Donne and Hardy songcycles, the first three canticles, a second string quartet and the *Spring Symphony*. Simultaneously it marked Britten down as an 'opera composer', whose achievement was to be measured most precisely in operatic terms, rather than as a composer to whom opera was just another facet of a more wide-ranging output. The premier of *Grimes* at Sadler's Wells in 1945 has come to be regarded as the point at which British opera found respectability, but just as importantly it marked the definite polarisation of Britten's music as essentially conservative.

Peter Evans adopts a curious amalgam of chronological catalogue and survey by genre to cover the whole of Britten's work. The major works – the operas, the *War Requiem*, the single ballet *The Prince of the Pagodas* – are given a chapter each; there is a chapter for the church parables, and one for the five canticles. But all other choral and instrumental pieces are lumped together into genera. It makes for some curious lapses of continuity: the Third String Quartet is discussed before *Death in Venice* from which it quotes extensively, the last two operas are separated by some 250 pages from their predecessors. Evans's approach is unashamedly analytic, at its most fertile when it can delve deepest into the wonderfully varied invention of Britten's harmonic thinking, defining in precise modal terms the strangely elusive colouring that permeates much of *Peter Grimes*.

Sometimes in the treatment of the operas the musicological trees obscure the dramatic wood, however. There seems to me far too little on the relationship of text to music, on how librettos were fashioned under Britten's direction to suit musical treatment and on how his musical techniques were adjusted to fit the dramatic sense of the plot: why, for instance, does a large-scale variational plan intensify the effect of *Turn of the Screw*? This sense of a lack of a wider viewpoint carries over into a feeling that Britten was a composer *in vacuo*, cut off from the mainstream of European music. Schoenberg is mentioned in connection with his earliest works (there is a neat comparison between Britten's Sinfonietta Op. 1 and Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony; Schoenberg constructs his rising opening theme out of a series of fourths – Britten builds a similar shape out of pentatonic steps and a modal inflection) but Frank Bridge gets little space as Britten's teacher and mentor, and neither does Evans explore the common ground between Britten's operatic conceptions and those of Alban Berg.

Evans's book is deliberately not biographical; the authorised life is already under way with complete access to Britten's archives and correspondence. Boulez suffered an unauthorised biography two years ago, in Joan Peyser's *Boulez: Composer, Conductor, Enigma*, a book more provocative than convincing. Far more revealing about the course of Boulez's development as a composer is the 'authorised' list of works at the end of Paul Griffiths's short monograph. It is a chronological list of projects covering 1944 to 1976. There are about 30 separate items; of these around a dozen stand as complete published compositions. The rest have either been unconditionally withdrawn, 'withdrawn for revision' or await the addition of further sections. Since *Pli selon pli* of 1962 Boulez has released only three new works for publication. It's an astonishing admission of creative impotence for unquestionably the most gifted musician of his day. Griffiths's failure to account for this increasing loss of momentum in Boulez's writing is the single drawback of his elegant little essay, which analyses more or less all of the major works. Yet the omission is vitally important; within it are implied some uncomfortable questions about the consequences of post-Webernian serialism, aleatoricism and the radical aesthetic in contemporary music. It is possible to see Boulez as the only one of the post-war avant garde to have retained his intellectual honesty and integrity, a Rimbaud-like figure whose *Saison en enfer* was *Pli selon pli* with its attempts to fuse Mallarméan aesthetics and fluid musical structures with open forms and Cage's concepts of indeterminacy. His career as a conductor then becomes the escape, a surrogate for genuine artistic endeavour.

Nevertheless the slender body of Boulez's music contains at least five great works and *Le Marteau sans Maître* is arguably the most influential piece of music to have come out of the Fifties. Griffiths devotes a considerable proportion of his space to an examination of its symmetries and correspondences, a valuable insight into a work whose essence seems to be a flux of ever-changing sound-complexes and fleeting cross-references. He ends with the observation that in the future '[Boulez's] creative development will be linked less with the concert podium than with the research laboratories of IRCAM'; I wonder though whether even these new avenues may prove to be no more a resolution of artistic impasse than conducting has proved in the Sixties and Seventies.

# Weekend Competition

**No 2571** **Set by Gavin Ewart**

There is a famous anonymous limerick which goes:

There was a young lady of Exeter
So pretty, young men craned their necks at her,
One went so far
As to wave from his car
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

Could we have limericks, please, about a young girl from Uttoxeter, by 6th July.

**Result of No 2568 Set by M. Gracechurch**

We asked you to summarise any major play or novel in three newspaper headlines.

**Report** **by Dan Drough, B.Sc.**

First, a bollocking to Fatboy for failing to give the entry date for 2570; it's 29th June. Next, a bollocking to at least half of you (including many distinguished compers) who failed to read the rubric. *Three* headlines, we said, about *one* play or novel; really, we do despair of you sometimes. A pity, because there were some good single-headline summaries: BRASS-HAT PROBES WIFE'S HANKY-PANKY (*Othello* – Robert Baird); BOY CHALLENGES PUBLIC SPENDING CUTS (*Oliver Twist* – Tim Hopkins); and a nice trio from Gillian Smith: COUPLE BANNED: PARK SUPERINTENDENT 'DISGUSTED' (*Paradise Lost*); DOG BITES MAN: SPECIALIST CALLED (*Hound of the Baskervilles*); MYSTERY ILLNESS: MAN UNDER EXAMINATION (*La Nausée*). Still, we don't mind that much, because we can print them and not pay you, can't we? (All right, a consolatory quid to



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Miss Smith.) Some single lines from complete threesomes also tweaked a smile out of us: RUNAWAY FOREST FELLS PALACE PSYCHO (*Macbeth* – Tobias Miles); SEASIDE SLAUGHTER – 'EDGAR WHO?' PRESIDENT (*King Lear* – Bill Greenwell). A pound each for them, and three for each complete set below.

HANG-UP HERO SEES DAD'S GHOST
THRONE-GRABBING POISONING SHOCK HORROR
SEVEN SLAIN IN PALACE BRAWL.
*Hamlet*

JIM ANTHONY

MYSTERY YOUTH, 57, SNATCHES THREE
MIRACLE CURE FOR GIRL FLIER
CROCODILE BITES MAN
*Peter Pan*

BARRY ANTHONY

SCYTHIAN SHEEP-MAN GETS GUERRILLA COMMAND
TAMMY'S BULLY-BOYS RAPE WAY WEST
WORLD'S GREATEST LEADER DIES PEACEFULLY
*Tamburlaine*

A. BOTEMAN

LOVE-TANGLE QUEEN NAMES STEPSON
SEASIDE OUTING ENDS IN TRAGEDY
QUEEN 'SICK AS A PARROT'
*Phèdre*

MY DREAM, BY BATTLING JOAN
JOAN DELIVERS A FRENCH LESSON!
PHEW, WHAT A SCORCHER!
*Saint Joan*

NIGEL ANDREW

GOD: 'I STARTED IT ALL'
GOD CLAIMS 'MAN TO BLAME'
GOD GETS HIS OWN BACK
*The Bible*

MAY DAY

NEW FRENCH 'BALLS' SMEAR ROW
INJURY-HIT ENGLAND SHOCK WINNERS
OOLALA! HAL WEDS MAM'SELLE
*Henry V*

J. ALLEN

MOSCOW NO-GO POLICY ANGERS SISTERS
MOSCOW NO-GO POLICY ANGERS SISTERS
MOSCOW NO-GO POLICY ANGERS SISTERS
*The Three Sisters*

E. O. PARROTT

PEERESS IN RAIL ORPHAN ROW
FREAK RURAL FONT RUSH RIDDLE
HANDBAG BABY: SHAME-NANNY SPEAKS
*The Importance of Being Earnest*

RUFUS STONE

TEEN BRIDE FACES DEATH THREAT
WIFE-SWAPPING IN WOODS – 'MADNESS'
HAPPY END FOR TUG-OF-LOVE DRAMA
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*

FRANK SHORTSTRAW

MED DEB WEDS CRUNCH CHIEF
TOP AIDE RAPS 'HOT' BRIDE
CYPRUS SEX-KNOT SLAYS FOUR
*Othello*

MARTIN FAGG

NILE TANGO ANGERS CAESAR
ICE COLD IN ALEX
KILLER ASP SOUGHT FOR QUESTIONING
*Antony and Cleopatra*

NEW WORLD ON SEVEN-DAY WEEK
RAIN STOPS PLAY SAYS ZOOKEEPER
ISRAELI IN EGYPTIAN CABINET
*Genesis*

BILL GREENWELL

## Tony Miles

# Chess

**No 138** **Tal's return**

The main feature of the Montreal tournament was the form of Mikhail Tal. Tal is famous as possibly the greatest natural tactician of all time and had a meteoric rise to take the world championship from Botvinnik in 1960 at the age of 23. However he lost the return match the following year and then his health declined to such a degree that his play, though erratically brilliant, was never again sustained at the same level.

With his bohemian life style Tal's career had many ups and downs, mostly the latter, and in 1977 he was suspended by the Soviet Chess Federation from playing abroad. It was at this point that fate, in the diminutive shape of A Karpov, intervened. The world champion personally asked that the ban be lifted and that Tal should play at Las Palmas with him. Since then Tal has been a permanent and important part of Karpov's analytical team. Both his health and his play have improved immeasurably. Work with the world champion has given him a new, more sound positional style. This, allied to his natural tactical gifts could ironically on current form make him a possible challenger to Karpov in 1981!

Two of Tal's efforts from Montreal, the first very much vintage Tal, the second a mixture of old and new.

**White: M Tal** **Black: B Larsen**

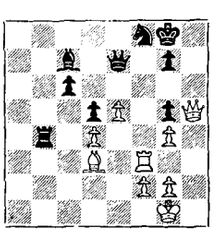
**1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, N-QB3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-B3; 5.N-N3, BxB; 6.N-QB3, P-Q3; 7.Q-Q2, B-K2; 8.0-0-0, P-QR3; 9.P-B4, Q-B2; 10.B-K2, NxN; 11.QxN, P-QN4; 12.P-K5, PxP; 13.PxP, N-Q4; 14.BxB, NxN;** (Not NxB because of NxP!) **15.B-B3, NxR?** (the losing move 15. . .KxB would also be bad after 16.PxN, R-N1; 17.Q-N4ch and 18.R-Q6, but 15. . .N-K7ch! would keep Black on the board) **16.B-Q6, Q-B5; 17.Q-N6! N-B7** (there is no defence) **18.B-B6ch, B-Q2; 19.BxBch, KxB; 20.Q-N7ch, K-Q1; 21.QxRch, Q-B1; 22.Q-R7** Resigns.

**White: M Tal** **Black: R Hübner**

**1.P-K4, P-QB3; 2.P-Q4, P-Q4; 3.N-Q2, PxP; 4.NxP, B-B4; 5.N-N3, B-N3; 6.P-KR4, P-KR3; 7.N-B3, N-Q2; 8.P-R5, B-R2; 9.B-Q3, BxB; 10.QxB, KN-B3; 11.B-B4, Q-R4ch; 12. B-Q2, Q-B2; 13.0-0-0, P-K3; 14.N-K4, 0-0-0; 15.P-KN3, NxN; 16.QxN, N-B3; 17.Q-K2, P-B4?! 18.PxP, BxP; 19.R-R4, K-N1? 20.B-B4, B-Q3; 21.RxB! RxR; 22.N-K5!!** (a lovely touch) **K-R1;** (If. . .N-Q4: 23.NxP, NxB; 24.RxN wins — 24. . .R-B1: 25.NxR, RxR? 26.N-N5) **23.N-B4, N-K1; 24.R-N4!** (the simple touch. White wins a pawn, whilst retaining his dominant position) **Q-K2; 25.NxR, NxN; 26.RxP** and the rest was technique. Black finally resigned 15 moves later.

**Problem 138**

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 4 July.



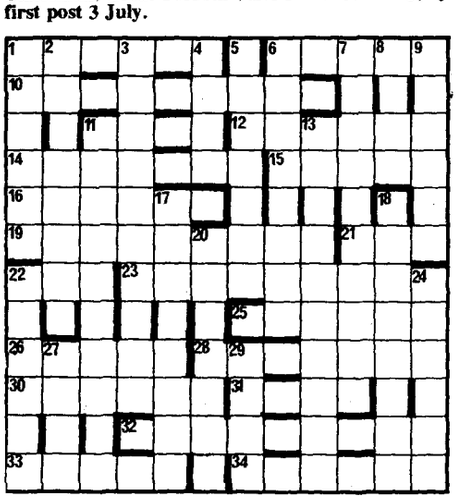
**Solution to Problem 136**

**1. . . QxP! 2.PxQ, RxP; 3.B-K1, B-K6ch; 4.QxB, R-N8 mate.**

# Salamanca 19:

## 'Ordinary'

**PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 19, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 3 July.**



**Chambers 1977 Edition is recommended but does not give two proper names, nor the old form at 21.**

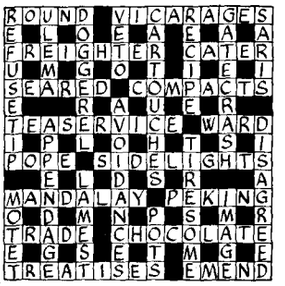
ACROSS

1 Leaps up in agony? One's not in this condition! (6)
6 Harim dress? Hardly (5)
10 Would-be Midas in play? The claims are false! (9)
11 Herb has a tailless cat (4)
12 Ornamental armour worn at the neck at feed time? (6)
14 Musical ornament to give pleasure, say (7)
15 Where the action may be squashed and racket exposed? (5)
16 Area is suffering? Do what was done to Lazarus once (6)
19 Someone who's insignificant in a famous threesome – not Wilfred? (9)
21 Once again, how many fingers? Not one! (3)
22 Bind for Mac, having no work? (3)
23 Bird requiring better quality from hi-fi set — — knob? (9)
25 Catkins – unusual name-tag mostly (6)
26 Place of labour for one not fully proficient, we hear (5)
28 Light controls some good immersion heaters (7)
30 Flora cycle that's taken to exist in place of carbon (6)
31 Stupefied on a yard of brandy? (4)
32 Pure wood pulp, very good and calm in foreign market, all returned (9)
33 People – Arayan sort? (5)
34 Place for one to leave, say? (6)

DOWN

1 Tyrant – bit of a god when set up? (6)
2 More than what's apparent or true – lie mostly, perhaps (8)
3 Literally an old enemy of the culturalist (10)
4 Old uncles seem to be befuddled (4)
5 'The Ring' set in order (7)
6 Contour line to confuse masochist no end (8)
7 Rob Roy's wealth, perhaps, a tax on old Scots? (10)
8 Declare something of bravery (4)
9 Less glossy stuff? (6)
11 Not a young bell-ringer to start shooting? (10)
13 Samson doubtless did for stone-worshippers? (10)
17 (Stool-) pigeon? (8)
18 Old Scots Royalist, one storm-tossed (8)
20 A louder sort of tailed Amphibia (7)
22 Olive, say, with Popeye's saviour? Essential part of maintenance gear (6)
24 Oriental commemoration (6)
27 Catty one year among others (4)
29 Useless managing without wing to rise (4)

**Solution to No 1305**



**Prizewinners to No 1305**

John Petro (London SE10)
Mrs B. J. Dixon (Swainswick)
F. Marzillier (Virginia Water)



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# APPOINTMENTS

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QUALIFICATION: Appropriate academic qualifications and considerable related experience. Canadian experience preferred.

SALARY: Commensurate with education and experience.

CLOSING DATE: As soon as appropriate candidates are available.

SUBMIT APPLICATIONS TO:

**Otto H. Driedger, Director,**
**Human Justice Program,**
**University of Regina,**
**Regina, Saskatchewan,**
**S4S OA2 Canada.**
**Phone: (306) 584-4779.**

# JOURNALIST

required for T.U. monthly tabloid to work with existing editor and to deal with public relations.

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Reply giving details to: **General Secretary, AUEW (TASS), Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

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Requires an Energy Researcher to develop aspects of alternative energy policies for the UK being prepared in conjunction with Friends of the Earth for the Dept of Energy. Applicants should have numerate skills and research experience and should be qualified in economics or another social science discipline.

*Further details from:*
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We are looking for motivated and committed people to join existing cooperative of 12 workers on wide-ranging environmental projects including **urban-nature conservation, insulation, energy-advice, environmental education and tree planting.** Skills needed include ability to communicate, design, work with volunteers, imagination, administration/accounting, hard work and more!

If you have all or any of these, and are prepared to work for £35 p.w. after tax deductions, please write for details to:

**Friends of the Earth (Brum Ltd), 54/57 Allison Street, Birmingham 5.**

**TRADES UNION CONGRESS**

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The TUC Economic Department has a vacancy for an

**ASSISTANT**

to work on economic, industrial and collective bargaining issues. Salary from £4,824-£6,390 by annual increments (including London Weighting).

Write before 13 July to: **The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS,** for details and application form quoting ref (TUC 1).

## International Voluntary Service

aims to foster international understanding and the sharing of human resources by sending experienced and qualified volunteers to work with Third World Communities to provide some of the skills necessary for overcoming under-privilege. Current vacancies include:
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**PHYSIOTHERAPISTS** for handicapped children's centres in India and Malaysia.
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All above are on volunteer terms. Details and application form from: Section OS78, IVS, Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL.

IVS

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Salary by negotiation. Apply with full details including current remuneration to Box 5578.

Applications required by **13 July.**

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Salary £3,700, generous paid holidays.

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**GENERAL SECRETARY**
Required for book keeping and administration. 2 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. Approx. £2,400 p.a. Written applications by **2 July** to **T. Williams, Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, London N1 2NQ.**

**ARE YOU GRADUATE** or 'A' Level Secretary or Typist seeking creative work in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Business World and Non-Commercial? Splendid Permanent and Temporary work always available at Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

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## The John Lewis Partnership

# JOURNALIST

Young graduate-level journalist is required for the weekly internal magazines of the John Lewis Partnership.

The job involves reporting and feature writing and would suit someone with proven writing experience.

**PAY: £4,200 per annum, but could be more for a particularly well qualified candidate.**

**Excellent staff benefits include:**

★ Profit sharing scheme
★ 4 weeks 3 days holiday
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★ Subsidised dining room

Please telephone or write for an application form to: **Central Department of Personnel, John Lewis Partnership, Oxford Street, London W1A 1EX. Tel: 01-499 2347.**

The John Lewis Partnership

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## WORKERS EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

LONDON DISTRICT

## Tutor Organiser in Industrial Studies

To teach mainly trade unionists in day release classes. A degree is essential, and relevant experience would be an added advantage. The successful applicant will be expected to start on 1 October 1979 or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary (under review) £3,747 to £6,558. Placement on the scale according to age and experience.

Details and application forms (s.a.e. please) from: **The Secretary, WEA, London District, 32 Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9EZ.** Closing date for returned applications — *27 July 1979.*

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## NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AUTISTIC CHILDREN

## Housefather and Housemother

DEDISHAM SCHOOL

Required for September at this residential school and hostel for 35 autistic children.

For further details and application form, apply to: **The Principal, Dedisham School, Slinfold, Horsham, West Sussex RH13 7RA. Tel: 0403 790257 (day).**

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# NACRO

## CRIME PREVENTION UNIT

We are seeking a **DEVELOPMENT OFFICER** for the above Unit which has the following objectives.

1. Provision of an advisory/consultancy service to organisations wishing to set up projects designed to prevent crime and vandalism.
2. Collating and disseminating information on this subject.
3. Establishment of crime prevention projects.

The successful candidate will require the ability to negotiate with local authorities and other organisations. The officer will be based in London but the work will entail considerable travel.
Experience of local government structures especially in the fields of housing, planning and community development an advantage. Secondments will be considered.
Salary on scale commencing £4,380 + £524 London Weighting.
Further details from **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU.** Closing date: 6 July 1979. Interviews: 17 July 1979.
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

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# LWT

requires

## A Television Director

to work on THE SOUTH BANK SHOW.

The successful candidate's main responsibility will be to direct the studio.

This position carries a one year contract to start in the autumn.

Please apply with a full curriculum vitae to: **Mrs Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, London Weekend Television, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1.**

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## ASTMS:

# DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION

In order further to develop its expanding education programmes, ASTMS has created the new post of Director of Education based at our Whitehall College complex in Bishops Stortford. The successful candidate will assume responsibility for the College and the other centres dealing with health and safety and generally be responsible for the national educational work of ASTMS.

The salary will be £11,031 p.a.: application forms together with a full job description are available from **Clive Jenkins at ASTMS, 10-26A Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

Closing date for receipt of a completed application form will be **2 August 1979.** Only persons with a comprehensive knowledge of and experience in the trade union and education fields will be considered.

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## Co-operative Union Ltd

# INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

The Co-operative Union is the central policy making and advisory body for Co-operatives in the United Kingdom, providing a range of services for its retail and other member societies.

A suitably qualified and experienced person is required to head the department providing advice and assistance on all industrial relations and personnel matters, and including responsibility for national and other wage negotiations with a range of trade unions, and for representing Co-operative employers' interests to Government etc.

The post is based in Manchester, but will involve travelling throughout the U.K.

Salary commencing c £10,500.

Write for further details and application form to:—

**The General Secretary, Co-operative Union Ltd., Holyoake House, Hanover Street, Manchester M60 0AS**



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**LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC**

Applications are invited for the following posts at Lecturer Grade II level. (In certain circumstances consideration may also be given to appointments at Senior Lecturer level):

FACULTY OF EDUCATION HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES
LECTURER IN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY (Post No. 565)

Applicants should possess a good Honours degree and be capable of specialising, at degree level, in Comparative Labour History as well as contributing to other aspects of the History teaching of the school.

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL AND COMMUNITY STUDIES
LECTURER IN POLITICS/PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION
(2 Posts Nos. 570 and 566)

Applications are welcome from those with subject interests spanning a broad area but particular preference may be given to those offering Comparative Public Administration, Policy Analysis and British Politics/Administration.

LECTURER IN SOCIAL POLICY AND ADMINISTRATION/PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION (Post No. 572)

Applicants should be able to offer Social Policy and Administration at degree level as well as an interest in the field of public administration.

LECTURER IN SOCIOLOGY
(Post No. 568)

The person appointed will be expected to teach on Degree and Diploma courses particularly those in the area of Business Studies.

Application forms and further details of the posts are available from the Staffing Officer, Leicester Polytechnic, P.O. Box 143, Leicester LE1 9BH. Telephone Leicester 551551. Ext. 2303.

**UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER**

Applications are invited for a LECTURESHIP in the Department of LINGUISTICS AND MODERN ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Preference will be given to candidates with a particular interest in Phonetics and/or Syntax. Applicants should have a good honours degree, and a postgraduate qualification or research experience in a relevant field. The appointment will be made from 1 October 1979 or as soon as possible thereafter, and at the appropriate point on the Lecturer's scale with regard to age, previous experience etc., £4,333-£8,992).

Further particulars may be obtained (quoting reference L146) from the Establishment Officer, University House, Lancaster LA1 4YW, to whom applications (six copies), naming three referees, should be sent not later than 11 July 1979.

**N.U.P.E.**

**North London Office**

New office opening in North Finchley. There are vacancies for

**Personal Secretaries**

(starting salary £3,510) and an office junior. 35 hr. week, 20 days holiday.

Application forms available from: **N.U.P.E., 13-15 Stockwell Road, London SW9. Tel.: 01-737 2011.**

**THE LINGUIST AGENCY**

**17 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1** requires

**Bi-lingual secretaries**

in the following languages: **Italian, Spanish, French, German** for responsible well paid positions in central London. **Please ring 01-439 1810** to arrange an interview.

**UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD**

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL THEORY AND INSTITUTIONS

SSRC sponsored research project into the relationship between adversary politics and economic policy in Britain.

Applications are invited from men and women graduates with qualifications in the social sciences for the following:

1. A two-year SSRC PROJECT-LINKED STUDENTSHIP, tenable from October 1979. Qualifications in the social sciences required. To develop a resarch topic within the broad field of adversary politics and public policy. Successful candidate will be required to register for a higher degree. Normal postgraduate studentship stipend.

2. A RESEARCH ASSISTANT (Re-advertisement), tenable from September 1979 for 18 months. Qualifications in politics and/or economics required. Initial salary £3,689 a year rising to £3,775 a year on 1 October 1979.

Particulars about the programme (please state in which post you are interested) from the Registrar and Secretary, the University of Sheffield S10 2TN, to whom applications should be sent by 10 July 1979. Quote ref: R 320/D.

**VOLUNTARY SERVICE OVERSEAS**

DEVELOPMENT OFFICER - WEST AFRICA DESK

We are looking for someone to join a team in our London office concerned with our volunteer programmes in West Africa. The person appointed will be particularly concerned with Ghana and Sierra Leone, assessing requests, selecting volunteers for them, training volunteers and maintaining contact with them and with our Field Officers. Salary on the scale £3,153-£5,700 plus London Weighting £524 p.a. Applicants should preferably have experience of West Africa.

For further information and an application form returnable by 11 July contact Personnel Officer, Voluntary Service Overseas, 9 Belgrave Square, London SW1. Tel: 01-235 5191. Ref WA/St.

**GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL**

TWO ASSISTANTS —

preferably Graduates with computer programming experience — required for one year for a research project into back pain in the Department of Community Medicine, which will include interviewing patients. Full-time workers preferred. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age and giving details of qualifications and experience ,to the Secretary, Guy's Hospital Medical School, London Bridge SE1 9RT, quoting Ref. CM3.

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Gerridge St, Westminster Bridge Road, London SE1 7QY

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Telephone (01) 633 0053 for details and application form returnable by 10 July 1979.

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**THRESHOLD**, a voluntary housing advice and action organisation for single and childless people requires the following staff for its Wandsworth advice centre, based in Tooting: Ethnic Minorities Development Worker. Threshold operates in a multi-racial community and has several years of experience in working with the homelessness problems of minority communities. The Development Worker will be involved in action research, the promotion and assistance of self-help groups, the preparation and dissemination of information on housing rights, and developing rehousing opportunities in the public and private sectors. Previous experience in housing or multi racial projects useful; special interest in or experience of working with either Asian or West Indian communities desirable. Housing Advice Worker. One of a team of three housing advisers dealing with a wide range of housing aid and emergency accommodation problems for single people and childless couples. Salary for both posts local authority grade AP4 £4,680-£5,067 inclusive of supplements and London Weighting (annual settlement pending). Conditions in line with local government. Further details and application form from: Threshold, 101A Tooting High Street, London SW17. Closing date for return of completed applications: Monday 16 July 1979.

# Fellowships

**ROTHMANS FELLOWSHIPS**

Applications are invited for Rothmans Fellowships, which are awarded under the Rothmans University Endowment Fund set up by Rothmans of Pall Mall (Australia) Limited to enable Fellows to undertake postgraduate work within an Australian University.

Rothmans Fellowships are of an annual value of up to $A14,000. A Fellow may be paid travelling expenses incurred in taking up the Fellowship and returning home.

In addition, an amount of $A1,500 p.a. towards fees and expenses including the purchase and maintenance of equipment may be paid to the University where the Fellow is working.

A Fellow shall take up a Fellowship before attaining the age of twenty-eight. The Fellowships are open to graduates of any University who have had at least three years postgraduate experience in research. The Fellowships are not open to permanent members of academic staff or applicants proceeding on sabbatical, study or other leave (including leave without pay). The Fellowships must be held at an Australian University.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Secretary, Rothmans University Endowment Fund, c/o The University of Sydney, NSW 2006, Australia. Applications close on 28 September 1979. Information also available from Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

# Financial

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**LONDON, ISLINGTON,** 15 mins West End: simple spacious house, sleeps 6. Children welcome. 28 July to 8 Sept. £85 p.w. all inclusive. Box 5587.

**BEST VALUE FARES,** regular, reliable departures, World Wide and European destinations. LAS Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. Phone 439 8511 (Answerphone) 2/3.

**MEMORIES FOR A LIFETIME!** East Africa wildlife safaris August and November 8 weeks. Overland expeditions 18 weeks September and December visiting 12 countries. Free brochure. Adventure Africa, 34b High Street, Ramsbury, Wiltshire. Tel. Ramsbury (067-22) 569.

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**BUN TRAVEL.** Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

**PLANNING A HOLIDAY** in Barbados? Comfortable flat available near sea. For details write: The Proprietor, 71 Atlantic Shores, Christchurch, Barbados.

**WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS.** Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa. Salisbury Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

**ARCHAEOLOGY IN DORSET.** A weekend house party is being held at Seaborough Court, from 13-15 July, to study this fascinating area under the guidance of Stephen Smith, a recognised authority in this field. Full details from Mrs M. Poore, Seaborough Court, Beaminster, Dorset. Tel: Broadwindsor 262.

**PICK RASPBERRIES IN SCOTLAND.** July/Aug. Campsite avail. Send large s.a.e. to Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

**SUPERB TUDOR FARMHOUSE,** peace and comfort, b. & b., or evg meal opt. Good food, own honey, bacon, eggs etc. H./c. each room, lovely garden. Super family wing with vacs late July, early Aug. Tel. Coddenham 208.

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**Project 67 (Archaeology), 36 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PP. Tel: 01-636 1262**

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# Accom. Vacant

**ISLINGTON:** 2-roomed garden flat, freshly decorated, available now till end of Sept. £70 p.w. Tel. 01-609 1960.

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**HIGHGATE:** short let 14 July-31 Aug.: flat, 2 bedrms, k. & b. C.h. Colour TV. £75 p.w. Box 5539.

**LONDON:** Aug., academic's 3 bed Highbury house. 20 mins BM. Nr tube & park. £100 p.w. Tel. 01-359 4017.

**FROM MID-AUGUST,** long occupancy. Spacious flat, 2 bdrms, c.h.w., entry-phone. Central London. Mature, solvent, discreet persons. Box 5569.

**EDINBURGH:** room in lge comfortable, peaceful flat nr University etc. for late July, August, September or parts thereof. £17 p.w. Incl. Box 5358.

**VILLA KATMANDU TO LET** for 9/15 mths. from Oct. '79. 4 beds, 3 baths, recep. rms, lge gdns. Rent $500 per mth incl. 3 staff. Write Dr Michael Oppitz, c/o Nepal Research Centre, P.O. 180, Katmandu.

# Accom. Wanted

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**ACADEMIC COUPLE** on secondment require N. London flat for 1-3 yrs, for rent or exchange, with large new town flat in Edinburgh. 031-556 2113.

**YOUNG ECONOMIST** seeks accommodation in friendly house, North London preferably. Box 5484.

**ROCK JOURNALIST,** male, non-smoker, seeks largish own room in friendly mixed communal house/flat. Up to £15 p.w. Good tube/bus access to Central London, slight pref. NE London, but anywhere considered. Phone Graham 01-539 4867.

**VISITING ACADEMIC** req. 2 bedroom flat, Hampstead area, 1 July-16 August. Rosenbloom, 12166 Conway, St Louis, Missouri 63141.

**FURNISHED,** 2-3 bedroom house or flat, required for American Professor and family, from end August till end July 1980. NW London. Please ring Werth 01-328 0610.

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# Publications

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**SPECIALIST DOCTOR** (semi-retired) travelling in France and Switzerland, Aug. to mid-Sept., would like to meet professional lady interested in travelling abroad, summer skiing, mountain walks and driving in Italy & Sth France. (Sharing some expenses & driving). Box 5283.

**LADY** living Midlands, very lively, petite, good looking 48, wishes to meet tall, presentable gentleman, 48-55, who likes dining, dancing and the good things of life, for weekends. Box 5465.

**GRAD. IRISH MALE** overworks, sks bright girl to enjoy modest wealth. 254 3987.

**TALL, SLIM,** intelligent, independent female, 40, separated and new to London. Looking for male companion, possibly visiting academic, to share eating out, theatres, movies, museums, walking, travel & people. Perceptive man with sense of humour preferred. Box 5568.

**CONTINENTAL** gentleman (50s), regular visitor to London, wants to meet attractive, sensual, independent, academic/business lady (to 42), for exchanging ideas, enjoying natural breaks, and who knows what else. Box 5525.

**GENTLEMAN,** 51, divorced, seeks non-neurotic woman whose interests include food and wine, overseas travel, theatre and cinema, walking and conversation. Sense of humour mandatory. Berks, London area. Box 5527.

**HANDSOME** prof. male, sks attractive, thinking, independent-minded lady, for genuine friendship. Box 5528.

**HAPPY,** lively, professional lady, wants to share coping, caring and fun with man, 48-58, who can be gentle, practical, humorous, appropriately. Interest in house renovation an asset; kids too; wives not. Box 5538.

**MALE** (Aries) wishes to meet lady, 23-35, compatibility could result in a warm, caring and lasting relationship. Interests: good conversation, food, drink, politics, London, northern Home Counties. Box 5541.

**CURVILINEAR** sorry woman, retired but far from senile, would find therapy for occasional boredom in some male companionship. Box 5543.

**LADY,** young fifties, seeks older male, with good social background. Friendship, social interests. Box 5545.

**LOVELY JEWISH LADY** seeks gentleman for friendship. Box 5436.

**RECENT WIDOW,** independent, very high standards, 60s, would like to meet widower, same level. Box 5523.

**GRADUATE DIVORCEE,** 49, tired of solitary existance, seeks prof. m., non-smoker, with sense of humour, hopefully for lasting relationship. Box 5583.

**MID-EUROPEAN,** educated, tall, attractive teacher, 40s, good cook, seeks kind, intelligent, established man, sense of fun, honesty, marriage minded. Country-lover. Box 5590.

**I AM FEMALE,** unattached, professional, attractive, love music, books, cinema, food and laughter. Would a tall thin, intelligent, unattached man, 35-55, like to share any of these with me? Box 5594.

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# Contents


898 **Notes:** Shunning Euro-communists, Nottingham newspaper dispute, Women in the House, Mrs Gandhi's exit?
900 **Anna Coote:** Equal Pay
**Martin Bailey:** Oilgate
901 **Britain's Battle for Chile**
902 **Claudia Wright:** Will Egypt invade Libya ?
904 **Ruth Lister:** Welfare Rights
906 **Laurie Taylor:** Heavy drinking
910 **William Shawcross:** Cambodia
912 **Ole Hansen:** Legal Aid
914 **Christopher Hitchens:** Special Patrol Group
915 **Philip Kleinman:** Ideas before breakfast
916 **Ruth Hall:** London Diary
917 **Letters to the Editor**
918 **Arthur Marshall**
**Roger Woddis**

**Books & Arts**

919 **Terence Ranger:** Propaganda in Rhodesia
924 **Robin Blackburn:** Marxism and Aesthetics
**Other reviews by Nicholas Shrimpton, Hermonie Lee**
926 **Julian Barnes:** Television
926 **Russell Davies:** Sport
927 **John Coleman:** Films
928 **Peter Porter:** Radio
928 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
929 **John Spurling:** Art
930 **Andrew Clements:** Music
930 **Weekend Competition**
931 **Chess and Crossword**
**Poem by John Fuller**



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# Theatres

**ALDWYCH THEATRE** (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded bkg Info. 836 5332. Revival John O'Keeffe's comedy 'Wild Oats'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in David Rudkin's 'Hippolytus'.


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**HAMPSTEAD THEATRE.** Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. 01-722 9301. 'Then and Now' by David Mercer with Simon Chandler, Mike Gwilym, Patricia Hodge, Morag Hood, John Nettleton, Liz Smith. Directed by Robin Lefèvre. 'Beautifully written, profoundly moving', J. Elsom, BBC. 'Scathing, brittle & witty', M. Shulman, E. Stand. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. Tickets £1.80 and £2.45. Extended until 7 July.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.** 928 2252. 'The Double Dealer', 'The Undiscovered Country', 'Betrayal', 'For Services Rendered', 'Close of Play', 'Dispatches' (perhaps not suitable for children). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

**NEW END.** 794 0238. Simone Benmussa directs 'Portrait of Dora' by Helene Cixous (from Freud's 'Dora'). Tues.-Suns 8 p.m.

**ROYAL COURT.** 730 1745. Last week. Evgs 8.0, Sats 5 & 8.30. Reret no late comers. Billie Whitelaw in Samuel Beckett's own production of 'Happy Days'.

**TOWER,** Canonbury Place, N1. Edward Bond's 'Bingo', tonight and tomorrow at 7.30. Next Fri. Neil Simon's 'Barefoot in The Park'. Booking 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues.-Sats. 2.15-8).

# Cinema

**SCREEN ON THE HILL.** 435 3366 (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover' (AA). Progs 2.30, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10.

# Exhibitions

**GANYMED GALLERY,** 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1, 405 9836. Signed limited edition prints by Moore, Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry.

# Meetings

**FOCUS GROUP,** Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2. Tues, 26 June 6.30 p.m. 'The Caribbean Micro States', a panel discussion with His Excellency Mr R. F. Anthony Roberts, High Commissioner of the Bahamas, and Dr B. Persaud, Commonwealth Secretariat. Adm. 30p. non-RCS members.

**ICA EVENTS,** The Mall, SW1. 26 June 7.30 p.m. Lorna Selfe, Roger Cardinal, Dr Jonckheere and John Henzell discuss 'Art As An Alternative Language' (accompanies the Wölfli exhibition). 75p. 930 6393.

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**THEOSOPHY:** S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Commemoration Meeting 'ULT Day' Sun. 24 June 8 p.m. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

# Literary

**MATCHLIGHT** Poetry Reading. Orangery, Holland Park, W8. The Matchlight Readers (prof. actors) + guests Frances & Michael Horovitz + Blake. 7.15 p.m., 14 June £1. 01-352 7409.


**July Courses at Lumb Bank**

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**FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,** Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses. Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' and 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Mentor for Languages, 115N Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (Cambridge Circus). 836 3753.

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